

Industrial Pioneer

An Illustrated Labor Magazine
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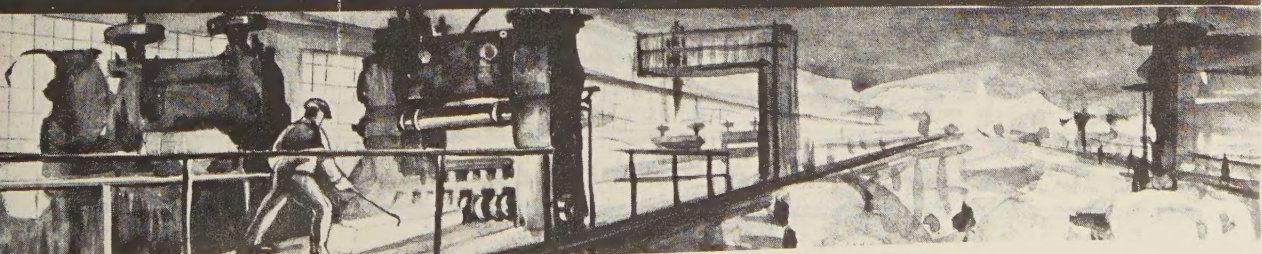
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PREAMBLE OF THE INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into

the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.

THE INDUSTRIAL PIONEER

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Labor Banks Fail Labor

The labor bank as an aid to the working class in its struggles with the capitalist class is receiving a practical try-out in New York City.

In the great metropolis, during the past two years, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers have operated one of the most successful of these institutions.

In the great metropolis, also, 40,000 Amalgamated members struck recently to wipe out the near-sweatshop conditions that have risen during the past two years.

Apparently, together with the growth of the Amalgamated Bank in New York City, there has also gone a return to previously bad industrial conditions—a retrogression in fact.

This could not very well be otherwise. Labor banks cannot change industrial conditions. That is not their function. Their function is that of all banks, namely, to hoard and to lend middle class funds mainly, at higher rates of interest than are paid for their use.

In brief, they are profit-making, capitalist institutions; and, as such, act in an anti-labor manner. Witness the Warren S. Stone company, backed by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers' bank at Cleveland, O. The Stone coal company fought the miners' union and the latter had to strike against it.

What is needed to change industrial conditions is industrial unionism. Labor banks prevent this. They make for craft division. They develop special craft interests and entrench craft officialdom more firmly. They are obviously failures in the class struggle; and stand in the way of progress, instead of making for it.

However, the workers will be forced to leave the labor unions of which the labor banks are born if the former do not function as they should. In this lies the hope of working class progress.

Scenes from Battlefields of Class War



Interior San Pedro
Hall After June 14
Outrage



Exterior San Pedro
Hall

(See Opposite Page)



Decorating Graves of
Speakers Killed in
1920 Revolution,
Stettin, Germany.
Branch MTW is
located here.

Over Eight Hundred Hear Geo. Speed

EXPOSE THE TRUTH ABOUT THE SAN PEDRO RAID

By HARRY FISHER

The Damnable Fiendishness of the Brutal Outrage of June 14, Described in Masterly Address That Did Not Mince Words. Shipping Interests Shown to Have Engineered Diabolical Affair in Which Death of Navy Sailors Was Utilized Unsuccessfully in Their Protection.

IN an address on Beacon Street, San Pedro, Calif., at the foot of what was Liberty Hill, before the steam-shovel razed the historic promontory overlooking the harbor, Fellow Worker George Speed held spell-bound for nearly three hours one of the largest crowds ever assembled in this city to imbibe the story of Industrial Unionism. The possible exception was one or two meetings during the memorable scenes of the harbor strike of a year ago.

In his discourse, the speaker did not mince words in describing the damnable fiendishness of the brutal outrage of Saturday night, June 14, just twenty-four hours before.

This was the first address on the street, since the riot took place and it is quite probable that at this meeting attended by the Captain of Police and a score of reserves from the Los Angeles police, the IWW conduct turned sentiment to allow meetings on the street and it may be the first rift of the silver lining in the o'er-shadowing cloud.

To get an idea of the meeting's significance, it is necessary to draw a mental picture of the environment and preceding episodes, to properly form any conception.

The battleships of the Pacific squadron lie at anchor inside the break-water. An entertainment at the IWW hall, given to raise funds to defray the burial expense of two fellow members, sacrificed to the avarice of capitalistic retrenchment, is in progress. Not all of the audience are IWW. Many little kiddies with their parents are present. Suddenly the hall is stormed by an infuriated mob; with some wearing white bands around their arms, while quite a number appeared in the uniform of the navy. (The bands were evidently a shield to keep them from murdering each other).

Hear the yell of wild Comanches; see piano and other furniture strewn on street and set ablaze; hear the clang of the fire-engine and see the ambulance drawing up before the hall as the wounded are being carried from the field! Find all the telephone wires in a radius of two blocks cut; see the hall, with not one door or window intact; see tender hands carrying little cherubs to their homes; see the blood-stained parlor across the street, where the mob got its baptism in gore; see a truck, loaded with fellow workers at the points of guns, and on every corner, outposts to cover the retreat of the automobiles with the mob and to prevent relief being summoned; find no policemen in town, though at other meetings there were always several present; then realize that on the next day a report is current that the IWW have made derisive remarks in connection with the death of the sailors and, on Sunday night, while this meeting was going on, newsboys shouting, "All about the IWW plot to blow up the morgue!"

Visualize, if you can, the scene of carnage, realize that on Tuesday the sailors will pay the last, sad homage to their departed comrades! Then you may appreciate the gravity of the tension in the atmosphere pervading this street meeting on the night following the raid, a tension so grave that the police department counselled against meetings and the Admiral of the navy rescinded shore-leave of the sailors.

Then picture a Captain of Police saying, when asked for permission, two nights later, to hold a meeting—"Go to it boys, I will try and calm the public!" If you can draw this picture, then and then only, can you appreciate the enormity of its portent.

Truth Coming To Life

Truth, so long crushed by the iron heel, is apparently coming to life and it is beginning to dawn on the people that the Industrial Workers' Union is not a lawless element in society—that there are other elements that are really lawless indeed.

See, later, the provost guards around and inside the Wobbly hall, reading during the day, what could be salvaged from the IWW literature and in particular the latest "Solidarity"! Then turn your gaze to the mammoth crowds at night street meetings and if you do not get a thrill, you must be callous to all sensation! For there you will find navy guards and more than a dozen uniformed police, to say nothing of the Captain of the district and the unknown number of picked plain-clothes detectives, ever alert for the slightest sign of any outbreak.

When you see this, then you must feel that some-

how, perhaps these may be the rays of a fairer dawn; a harbinger of truth, ushering in the light of tolerance.

And on a soap-box, if you please, stands the central figure, the cynosure of all eyes, gloriously majestic in the resurrection of the constitution, which he himself so graphically epitomized to the Captain when asked why the IWW persisted in its position, when they were as one against a thousand, by the terse reply that—"I would rather be in the right with two or three, than in the wrong with a thousand." He realized that it was easier to drift with the current and that he is only going through the same experience that has marked the beginning of every advance in progress throughout the ages and that he was so wedded to the cause of his class, that he is, in his humble way, trying to represent, that he could not turn back if he wanted to.

The writer had gone to the post-office to mail leaflets to our publications and stopped to write a few letters, so he did not hear the first part of the address, but the interest of the audience had not abated, if we are to judge from the frequent applause, that some telling point elicited. (The best evidence that from his storehouse of knowledge, he has made an impression, may be gleaned from the statement that at last night's street meeting exactly one week later, many women were in the crowd and one gave a ten dollar contribution toward the care of those in the hospital).

But this is getting ahead of the story of the first public street meeting on the night following the raid.

Diabolical Fiendishness

There the speaker had waxed emotionally eloquent, when, with a dramatic intonation, he made reference to the raid and said "he did not think that words could ever adequately describe the diabolical fiendishness and satanic cunning which characterized this as the blackest crime ever perpetrated in the annals of modern society.

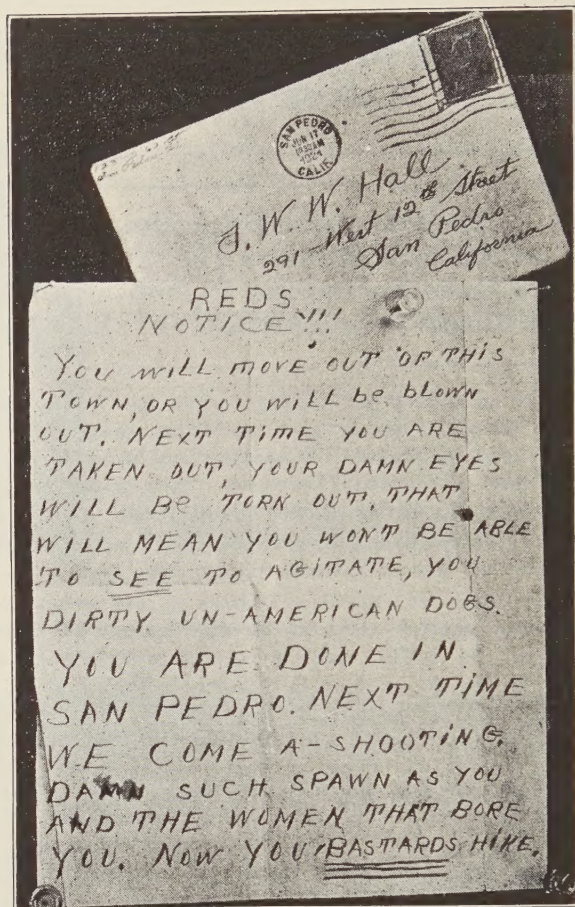
"It was the culmination of the nefarious plot that was hatched by the powerful interests that are yet chafing at their own impotency, when ships lay idle and cargoes did not move because labor, the main-spring of all activity, had demonstrated last year, that, without its guiding hand, not a wheel could turn.

"So among all the schemes, that greed could devise, to make labor more docile, the outrage of Saturday night will go down in history as the outstanding disgrace that ever cast its blighting shame on any community.

"In all the travail and persecution that marks the mile-stones in the economic struggle, history's pages have never recorded a crime so monstrous and at the same time so low.

"Shame on a society that prates of its culture and yet will not rise in indignation at such an exhibition of savagery.

"Shame on those who sought to use the uniform



SAMPLE, SAN PEDRO SAVAGERY

of the sailors as a cloak to screen their cowardice

"Shame on those who perhaps were led, unwittingly, into lending themselves to take part in the attack!

"Shame on the press, the venal press, that seeks to capitalize the tragedy that befell the comrades of the sailors, by seeking to arouse their feelings in their great sorrow!

Patriotism A Cloak

"But no shame for those who are behind the curtain and who, in the hour of the nation's mourning, would in the name of patriotism, attack not only men, but women and children, yes, innocent little tots, babes forsooth, of whom the greatest servant of all time hath said, 'Let them come unto me and prevent them not!'

"No; we do not invoke shame on those who plotted and engineered this act of terrorism to cow us into submission as a punishment for daring to assert our right.

"We could not hope that shame would ever move them. For such an element there is no shame.

"As we look back on that scene, we stand aghast in the sight of little children in all their immaculate innocence, literally cooked, as the most expressive

term, to satiate a vengeance that has no parallel. In the days of Herod, we are told that the babes were drowned on the banks of Jordan and that in the heathen land they were thrown in the Ganges, but these were more merciful acts than the scalding that was done here in this city, on Twelfth and Center Streets last night.

"We are not exaggerating, for you do not have to take our word. Go to the homes and the hospitals and see for yourself!

"See if you can look upon their limp, little bodies, in torment and pain! See a nine year old boy in a state of continual delirium. See if you won't recoil when the mother's tender hands lift the cover from his five year old sister! See the agony that even her fortitude cannot conceal."

Lena Milos' Testimony

Lena Milos, nine years of age, a most winsome, lovable, bright and talented child, who only a few days ago was as pretty as a flower, is now a mass of ugly wounds and blisters. When asked if they deliberately scalded her, this is the childish answer she gave between sobs, "Yes Mamma, I told him he was pushing me into the coffee and he said, 'That's alright, you won't sing at any more Wobbly entertainments,' and he set me right into the coffee boiler,"

"No, we do not hope that there is any shame for the monster Molochs, who were the master minds that influenced those who enacted and carried to fruition, the most heinous carnival of despotism that put its foulest spot on the sovereign state and sought to besmirch with its blemish, the unsullied escutcheon of the navy, during its stay in this port.

"No, those who are behind the scene cannot be touched by shame. Their life is centered on profits and, to attain their goal by fair means or foul, is their sole life's pursuit.

"They are ever flaunting patriotism as their aegis. They charged us with treason because we asked for an eight-hour day, the while they, patriotically or otherwise, took advantage of the nation's needs by boosting the pre-war price of lumber from eighteen and twenty-two dollars a thousand to one hundred and thirty dollars a thousand.

"They fear no law and we know of no instance on record, where one of the whole piratical crew ever went to jail.

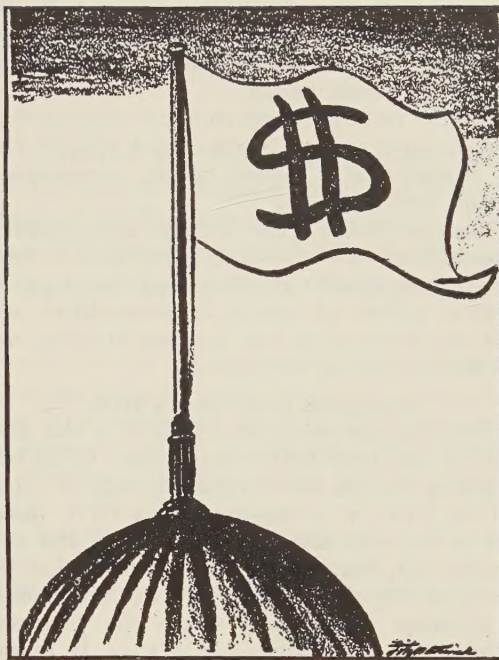
Patriotism Scoundrel's Refuge

"It was Doctor Johnson who said. 'Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel'!

"They clutter up the press and the records, even to the national congress, with subtle testimonials of patriotism, yet their greatest loyalty is to the flag that bears the dollar sign.

"See the ships, owned by American capital, floating the foreign flags right here in the harbor at this very time!

"Why don't they float the stars and stripes do you ask? It is because there is a law that all ves-



—St. Louis Post-Despatch

"OH, SAY, CAN YOU SEE—"

Flies at San Pedro as well as in Washington, D. C.,
oil scandal.

sels under American registry, must carry a certain percentage of Americans in their crew.

"By changing the flag, they can man their vessels with the cheap labor of the country that pays the lowest wages. To them it makes not a particle of difference whether this labor be white, yellow, black or green, so long as a flag flies at the mast-head in mockery of all our traditional standards.

"We charge such unconscionable hypocrites, as primarily accountable for the saturnalia that transformed a quiet entertainment into a pandemonium of savagery.

"Every effort has been made to heap opprobrium on our organization by this gentry and its minions. When other means failed to subdue us, they had their friends enact, what is known as the criminal syndicalism law and for a while, they were successful in sending members of our organization to prison for from one to twenty-eight years in this state, but when the trials became too expensive on account of reluctance of juries to convict, they tried other means. They arrested newsboys for selling our papers, papers that are granted mailing privileges by the United States government and are on sale in many news stores, even in this state. In not a few instances, the higher courts have reversed decisions which the lower courts had reached on the paid testimony of unscrupulous hirelings. So they resorted to other means of intimidation, through what is known as the Busick injunction. When they found that this instrument did not

come up to their expectations, they put all their hope in a campaign of terrorism, in the lawless plots, such as marked the occurrence of last night, with all its sordid horror.

"No, for them we waste no tears, for they have no compassion and are immune from shame. They are incapable of a feeling of any commiseration for the working class.

"Their power lies in the extent of the subjugation of those who are compelled to labor, with no assurance against the fear of want, after they have produced a surfeit of wealth in commodities when mills are closed down and 'business is slack', until this surplus can be disposed of.

Attempted Desecration a Myth

"With this digression, we will turn to that other phase of this most unfortunate affair. It has been circulated through the devious channels of rumor, that the IWW, or a member of the IWW, threatened to desecrate the dead, by someone who heard someone say, that someone told a policeman that he saw an automobile and heard two men plotting to dynamite the morgue where the forty-eight bodies of the dead sailors lay in state, in reprisal for the attack on the meeting hall, last night—Just as if we were ghouls.

"This report is so infamous in its character that it is unworthy of consideration on the part of any rational, thinking mind; it is nevertheless published in the large headlines you see in the paper tonight.

"Let me say right here and now, and I think I voice the sentiment of every member of our organization, that the Industrial Workers of the World who were in the hall at the time of the attack, do not believe all those in the uniform of the navy, who took part in that outrage, were part of the navy personnel. Their untidy appearance convinces us in this respect.

"But they were nearly all young men, boys, who as yet do not understand the philosophy of life. And to such, if there may be any present, let me beseech you to a realization of what you have done!

"I am sure there are some who took part in that unmanly and inhuman spectacle, who are ashamed of it tonight.

"It is to you or such of you, whoever you may be, that I want to say that, if ever again the occasion arises, when you may be prevailed upon to take part in such or a similar crusade, think well before you act! Do not allow yourselves to be swept by the hysteria of the moment!

A Democratic Organization

"We feel that there is good in some of you and that you are misled, misled by forces that were too craven and too cowardly to risk their identity and used you in their effort to put the stain upon the sailors.

"And, in conclusion, if there are among the hearers any who do not understand our organi-

zation and its aims, I will say, and say it advisedly, that the Industrial Workers of the World is the most democratic organization, without exception, in existence today. It comes nearer to the ideas and ideals upon which this nation was founded than any organization that I know of.

"We have no masks or rituals. We have no password or 'Inner Circle'. We have no political aspirations. We have no quarrel with the government. We leave that to the politicians, while we stand aloof. Our fight is with the boss.

"Our aim and the sole reason for our existence, is the betterment of the conditions of the working class. Ours is the living expression of protest against the cause of the discontent extant today, and so long as the cause remains, so long will there be discontent.

"You may wipe out the IWW entirely, that is to say, if every one in any way connected with the IWW should die tomorrow, it would not be long before its astral ghost would rise again and, phoenix-like, become the nucleus of the same organization or its counterpart.

"I have been connected with the labor movement since 1872 and saw the futility of efforts toward any appreciable progress along craft lines and seeing in the IWW the only logical, practical and effective means of coping with the ever growing problem of labor in its struggle, I became a charter member and have been a member since and hope to remain, come what may, a member to the end."

A Masterful Address

As this speech is written from memory it cannot do full justice to the masterful address, delivered on the street corner on the night following the raid of the San Pedro hall, for, without notes, it is not possible to record it in its entirety.

Though the speaker spoke almost three hours, his hearers did not appear to lose interest. In this connection there is no doubt some credit is due to Fellow Workers Lorier and Fry. Fellow Worker Lorier is a diplomat, worthy to preside at any meeting, while Fellow Worker Fry dispelled monotony with an interesting account of his experience in newspaper work, pending the announcement of the main speaker.

Complimentary comment, on the part of local business men and others, impressed the writer as a good omen, in spite of the fact that an itinerant street orator is here for apparently no other reason than to fan the hostility of certain elements into another and perhaps greater conflagration.

Somewhere, in the forepart of this contribution, the writer states that he missed the first part of the address, so it is quite possible that the kidnapping episode was described to the assembled concourse.

Realizing that this story would not be complete without a reference to the incidents attending the

(Continued on page 43)

Robert M. LaFollette

By POLITICUS

The Senator from Wisconsin Analyzed—Praised for Courage, Ability and Grasp, He Is Nevertheless Declared Retrogressive Instead of Progressive—Looks Backward to Pre-Trust Days Instead of Forward to Industrial Democracy—His 26 Planks Enacted into Law of Land Since 1908 No Brake on Development of Capitalism—Latter Bigger in Every Way, Though Badly Scared by “Fighting Bob.”

THE candidacy of Robert La Follette for president is the subject of much discussion, principally in the capitalist press. The dominant class seems very much concerned about it. It is feared that conditions may throw the presidential election into Congress, where La Follette and his followers hold the balance of power. This will create an unusual situation in politics, namely rule by a minority bloc rather than by a majority party.

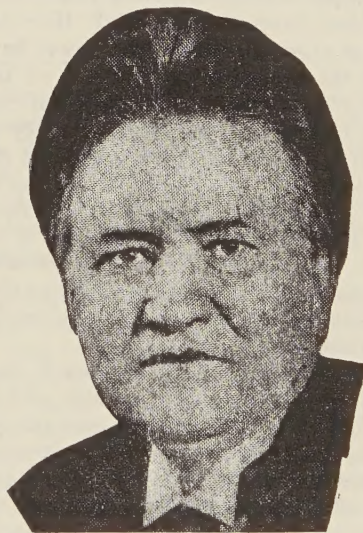
In view of all this it might be well to examine what it is that La Follette represents. Is he a revolutionist? Will his measures, if enacted into law, change the fundamental relations of property and man, or capitalist and laborer? Or is he another Wm. Jennings Bryan, threatening, but essentially safe and same?

In answer, let us consider the proposals made by the Wisconsin La Follette delegates to the Republican convention. They are summarized as follows:

“Housecleaning in government; elimination of private monopoly control over government and industry; congress, courts and administration to be rescued from agents of monopoly that dispose of natural resources, nullify will of people and make lawless raids and seizures; foreign policy to be altered from imperialist warmongering that conscripts sons of the people; genuine farm-relief; recovery of naval oil; repeal of Esch-Cummins transportation bill; ultimate public ownership of railroads and reduction of taxes on producers; reduction of tariff and military expenditures; direct election of president and federal judges; abolition of injunctions against labor; tax on war profits to pay adequate bonus; great lakes waterway; revision of Versailles treaty to accord with armistice terms given to Germany; treaties to outlaw war, abolish conscription and reduce armaments; national referendum on peace and war; nomination of party candidates whose public record is known to match the above platform.”

Public Ownership Not Revolutionary

As will be seen, La Follette is not a revolutionist; unless his demand for “the ultimate public ownership of railroads” may be called revolutionary. In other countries, like Germany, for instance, “public ownership of railroads” has long been a beneficial factor in the development of big capitalism. What would make La Follette’s public ownership proposals revolutionary is the opposing tendency to give over public works to private exploitation. In that respect, La Follette is a revolutionist, indeed. But not wholly so, as the idea of government ownership of railroads is growing in this country and is coming to be



“BOB” LA FOLLETTE

Under Whose 26 Progressive Planks, Embodied in the Law of the Land, Big Capital Has Grown Bigger Still.

regarded as inevitable, if not desirable, by even some capitalist elements.

As far as the working class is concerned, public ownership of railroads will mean the exploitation of labor by the state instead of by corporations composed of private individuals. It may admit of working class participation in management and control and prove more beneficial to labor on that account than private ownership. However, that remains to be seen; the past history of public ownership is not impressive from a working class standpoint. It is therein shown to be more of a saving to the taxpayer than an elevator of the working

class. This is made obvious by the additional clause in the La Follette public ownership plank, viz: "and reduction of taxes on producers." By this La Follette means the farmers and small manufacturers, who see in public ownership cheaper rates and less taxation.

Reform In a Big Way

Aside from his public ownership of railroads plank, the Senator from Wisconsin is a reformer in a big way. He wants to "house-clean government." It needs it; very badly, too. Also eliminate "private monopoly control over government and industry". Can that be done? We doubt it. The very essence of private monopoly is control of government and industry and unless private monopoly is done away with that control will continue. And so with the proposed rescue of congress, courts and administration from "agents of monopoly that dispose of natural resources, nullify will of people and make lawless raids and seizures." Now that is a very laudable object. Every man of decency will applaud it. But it is open to the same objection as the previous plank. It is putting the cart before the horse. Given a people without economic wealth and power, how can they proceed politically? How can those who possess economic wealth and power be undone, except by the economic organization of those employed in private monopoly and natural resources?

So with the next plank: "foreign policy to be altered from imperialist warmongering that conscripts sons of the people." This plank, like all the others, is a stinging indictment of capitalism. It's great on that account. But otherwise, who believes it possible? Capitalism must expand abroad or swelter in its own overproduction at home. As long as this condition prevails conscription will be as inevitable as capitalism itself.

"Genuine farm relief"—from what? Concentration in farming due to big capital and machine power? High costs of producing products produced more cheaply by others? Farm combinations and corporations that secure credits and rates, to the disadvantage of the small farmers? Bankers, railroads, middlemen via government credit and finance?

"Recovery of Naval oil." Why not all oil?

"Repeal of Esch-Cummins transportation bill." O. K.

"Reduction of tariff and military expenditures, etc., etc."—All of these planks are what Daniel De Leon used to call "trimming the whiskers and manicuring the toe nails of the beast of capitalism," while leaving him intact. They are very desirable from the standpoint of liberal democratic politics but they are not revolutionary. They do not touch the most vital issue of the age and that is the fundamental transformation of capitalism from a plutocratic feudalism into an industrial democracy. La Follette has no such aim nor desire.

La Follette is a bold and unsparing critic of capitalism. His pre-war and post-war exposes show him to be a man of unusual courage and ability. His

statistical method is worthy of extensive copying. His "come-back" since the war is a marvel of American political history. His astuteness as a political leader is without a parallel in American history; for though in the minority he holds the political keys of the nation in his hands. As a friend of labor, fighting the injunction and for the railroad workers, he has proven sincere and reliable. An exceptional man in many exceptional ways, Robert La Follette is worthy of admiration and esteem; but after all, he appears to be looking backwards to the pre-trust days instead of forward to the days of industrial democracy, of, by and for the industrial workers, who, together with their dependents, constitute the vast majority. He is a middle-class liberal, but really retrogressive rather than progressive. He is the Granger anti-monopolist slightly modernized and possessing essentially the same principles, which are state regulative instead of social ownership.

Consider the boasts of his spokesman at the Republican Convention, Congressman Henry Allen Cooper. Bold, courageous, able like his leader, he declared, with well-deserved pride, that since 1908 26 out of the 31 planks submitted by Wisconsin La Folletteites, have been enacted into the law of the land. Has not capitalism prospered despite them? Is it not now bigger than it was back in 1908?

It sure is!

No greater criticism of La Folletteism could ever be uttered.

Welcome!

Beginning August 1st, the Building Construction Worker, now issued quarterly, will appear monthly. The Building Construction Worker is the official organ of the Building Construction Worker's Industrial Union No. 330, Industrial Workers of the World. Its last quarterly issue contains articles of interest to every worker in the building industry and should be given extensive circulation amongst them. With a monthly issue in the future, the propaganda for industrial unionism can be multiplied many fold. For copies address, The Building Construction Worker, 1001 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

The Industrial Pioneer welcomes the Building Construction Worker to the circle of industrial Union publications.

ONE ON US

(From Seattle Star)

Down in California they are blaming the hoof and mouth disease on the IWWs. Probably on the theory that the Wobblies hoof it about the country and get mouthy on the soap-box.



The Harvest Message

By BARAJEMES

Deceptive Methods For Overflooding Labor Market In Wheat Fields Laid Bare—Desperate Need For Hands Greatly Exaggerated—Resulting Conditions, Poor Wages, Long Hours, Cause Organization—Improvement Now Noticeable All Along Line—Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union's Influence Wide-Spread.

EVERY year, about the middle of June, a great cry goes up for harvest hands. Newspapers carry stories of bumper crops and great prosperity for the farmer and the people in general, if only enough men can be found to garner the grain and thus turn it into dollars. State and federal employment agencies hang out placards declaring that "Kansas needs 20,000 men," and a little later in the season, "North Dakota demands 50,000 harvesters." Local papers, chambers of commerce, farmers' associations and similar organizations swell the cry for help until it seems that every citizen in the nation would have the desperate plight of the farmers brought home to him with emphasis.

That much of the noise about lack of men for harvesting has no basis in fact does not deter the different organizations from press-agenting the situation. Usually the demand for men is like the report of Mark Twain's death, "very much exaggerated," but the overstatement is intended; indeed, it is as a lawyer would say, done with malicious forethought.

Behind this exaggeration is an economic reason which is beginning to be better understood by harvest hands than a few years ago. More men than are needed are coaxed, or if need be, coerced, into certain sections of the wheat belt by the wily bankers and farmers, who have known for years what the harvest hands are only beginning to understand, namely, that if there are one hundred prospective harvesters in a wheat town which only requires twenty-five, the remaining seventy-five can be, and are, used as a club with which to lower the wages of those actually needed.

Harvesting the Harvesters

Harvest hands by the thousands answer this cry. From every state and nearly every city in the land come recruits for the grain-gathering army. Box-cars, passenger trains, automobiles, all add their quota of those who have heard of the great demand for men and the resultant high wages to be had. The harvest territory is soon flooded with a

hungry, penniless horde of men who are, many of them, hundreds of miles from home, and to whom the only way of escaping starvation seems to be the acceptance of the "going wages," even though it be much under that heralded in the columns of their home town papers.

For many years the farmers took advantage of this feeling and set the wages as low as possible and worked the men from as early in the morning as practicable until sundown and often later. Occasionally men would be found who did not even inquire the wages paid and these men were paid whatever the farmer felt like paying. Storekeepers and restaurant owners reaped a harvest of profit from the men who came to harvest the grain and when the season's work was finished the harvester left the fields with nothing more than a large fund of experience and a determination never to repeat the process.

Organizing the Harvesters

Among the harvest hands there were, naturally, some men who resented such treatment; men who could see the worth of their services and who were not satisfied to leave the fields in a worse condition than when they arrived. These men, in 1915, organized the Agricultural Workers' Organization of the IWW and started in to make the harvest fields a safe and decent place for labor. Year after year

these men have struggled against all the forces brought against them by the organized farmers, bankers and merchants of the wheat belt. Against laws prohibiting their activity, against countless forms of petty tyranny by police and railroad officials and even against an injunction which was of such sweeping nature as practically to forbid the presence of members of the organization in one state, Kansas.

That the organization has managed to survive the bitter hardships imposed upon it shows its inherent character of right. That it appeals to the best interests of the harvest hands is shown by the undeviating fidelity with which its members have met every assault upon it. Were it not fundamentally correct it would have disappeared long ago; no one will champion a cause through untold suffering unless the abandonment of it will work even more hardship upon them. And if this cannot be shown by concrete facts members will not be attracted to such an organization. These facts have been proven time and again; more wages, shorter hours and better conditions have been gained in every state in the wheat belt through this organization and as a result, in spite of the persecution visited on its members, it has steadily grown until it is now a force which has to be reckoned seriously with in the harvest fields.

From a handful of men in 1915 it has grown until it now numbers over 10,000 members and every season sees further addition to its forces. Today it has a well organized army of delegates scattered in every corner of the wheat belt, stationary offices in the important centers, an efficient system of relief and defense for members who fall victims to organized authority and a propaganda system which floods the harvest country with literature every season.

Organization Alters Matters

Since its advent in the harvest it is no longer possible to lower wages because the supply of men in certain sections happens to exceed the demand. When its members are confronted with such a state of affairs, meetings are held, the wages at which the grain shall be harvested are set by a majority vote and no one cuts the wages. "An injury to one is an injury to all," is the motto and this motto is lived up to in all dealings with the farmers.

This is perhaps the point which causes the farmers the greatest

worry; they never seem to understand that there is a great difference between unorganized men and those who have decided to stand together. Formerly the only reason for raising wages was the scarcity of men, and likewise the best reason for cutting them was a surplus. It is entirely different now; whether fifty men or two hundred are needed, whether there are seventy-five or five hundred available, once the members of the Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union (name was changed in 1916) decide on what the wages shall be, the farmer pays them, with as much grace as possible.

Shortening the working day and bettering the conditions under which the crop is gathered is accomplished through organized job action. The ten-hour day has been established in many parts of the wheat belt and the practice of buying blankets has been almost entirely discontinued. Better food has been obtained in many places and the old practice of "docking" the men for breakdowns of machinery is also a thing of the past. The AWIU year after year has left its mark in the harvest fields and each succeeding year has seen higher standards of life for those who have joined its ranks. Yes, even more than they have benefited; in the harvest fields, as otherwheres, there are cravens, men who reach out and grasp the fruit of others' efforts without having the manhood to aid in bringing about improvements. Thousands of the worst "scissors," every year find the harvest fields better places in which to work because of the activity of the members of the AWIU.

This year, the AWIU is again on the ground in the harvest fields; before this appears in print their drive will have progressed from Oklahoma to the South Dakota line, hundreds of new members will have been initiated, thousands more will have been

reached with propaganda explaining the need of organization, and still more thousands will have seen the members in action, gaining for themselves better conditions, more wages and fewer working hours than the banker and the farmer intended them to have.

But this is not the only function of the AWIU; while primarily concerned with immediate betterments, it has another and more revolutionary purpose. In the harvest fields the AWIU is a great educational influence, its members know that the agricultural industry is only one of

(Continued on page 23)



The Jungle Dreamer.

Fascism at the Crossroad

By M. DeCIAMPIS

Mussolini's Government By Rape, Arson And Murder, Reaches Climax In Assassination Of Socialist Deputy Matteotti—Expose Of Dastardly Deed Reveals Full Extent Of Reversion To 15th Century Methods Indulged In By Italy's Imperialistic Bourgeoisie And Rulers—Incident Also Serves To Stimulate The Undying Revolutionary Spirit Of Italian Working Class.—A Lesson For The U. S. A.

THE cold-blooded, deliberate, shocking murder of the socialist deputy Matteotti of the Turati group of reform socialists, which a few weeks ago so thoroughly stirred the world with its sinister meaning, was nothing else but a clamorous culmination of untold numbers of crimes and beastly deeds that the Fascist party, since its inception, and more frequently and systematically since its assumption to power, has been guilty of planning and carrying through, with the view to solidify and strengthen its political hold on the unhappy Italian people.

It will not do for the capitalist press to make apologies, to minimize the whole dastardly mess, to sing the silly song of social peace and harmony. We think that Fascism has dangerously been playing with fire and that it has gone too far. Too much working class blood has already flown on the altar of bourgeois interests, and the hatred infused into the hearts of workers everywhere, is too deeply rooted to be easily dismissed. Mussolini and his wily band of ruffians, assassins and turncoats, stand convicted before the conscience of honest and forward looking people of wholesale murder of the revolutionary workers of Italy.

The reaction of the aroused world at the news of the Matteotti tragedy has demonstrated that Fascism can count on very little foreign sympathy. At home the people's indignation has conclusively shown how superficial and shaky its power is. Fascism has never ruled Italy with the free will of the people. With the chorographic march on Rome in the fall of 1922, it merely superimposed itself on the nation by the command of brute force and violence as characterized by the murderous tasks of the pretorian Fascist militia. Even the election of April last, called in an eleventh hour effort to legalize through a parliamentary majority the government, as was to be expected, was a ludicrous farce. And such a farcical affair, made *ad usum delphini* by the powers that be, was heralded by the lying capitalistic press as a true victory for Fascism! It seems then, that both the Black-shirt party and bourgeois kept press, have sunk so low that they do not know what decency and fair play is in dealing with the truth.

Regardless of the tight censorship that has strangled the truth, we know that the white guards of Italian reaction on many an occasion have made short work of their political enemies and opponents,



GIACOMO MATTEOTTI

Lawyer, Economist, Champion of Labor, Kidnaped and Assassinated By Fascisti Terrorists Who Feared His Exposés.

just in the same manner as they recently have done with Matteotti. Why then, has Matteotti's sad end attracted world-wide attention while hundreds of similar cases have passed almost unnoticed? The answer may be found in the well grounded fact that connected with the latest kidnaping and murder a grave, far reaching, colossal scandal was uncovered and laid into the very abode of Mussolini's entourage. In other words, the ridiculous Duke's close associates were in many ways discovered to be rotten and corrupt to the core. Millions of graft had been pocketed by them, while hypocritically pretending to pose as the virtuous saviors of the country. Most of this gentry, who not so many

years ago we could recall as running around with wide open shoes and dying from hunger and want, agitating the oppressed to break the chains of wage slavery, all at once, by treachery and faithlessness to working class ideals, have become well to do and secured a place among the great of capitalistic society.

In the daily kept press these days we see a desperate attempt to shield Mussolini from blame for the cowardly crimes of his henchmen. Those that thoughtlessly have done so have classified themselves in the same category where the Fascists belong. We all know that the chief inspirer of the Black-shirt pretorians bears direct responsibility for every deed of his mad followers. It is he who is to blame; he has spoken and led; he has been the cunning, savage inciter to rape, murder and arson. The organized workers of the world should see to it that Mussolini be called to account for his criminal shortcomings before the bar of proletarian justice. The working class should remember the countless obscure workers, martyrs to the cause, that lost their lives because they would not betray the pure light of revolutionary idealism that kindles the deepest, innermost corner of their bosoms. The freeing and the economic emancipation of the working class was, to these richly endowed idealistic souls, a concrete, happy, cherished, big idea. Contrary to the ruthless, petty, domineering, narrow, oligarchic Fascist's credo—which, by the way, is the credo of the not less Philistine exploiting bourgeoisie itself—the ideas of these fallen comrades were full of promise, of meaning, of hope, cheer and faith, that bids fair to make the working class movement an epochal achievement, with a supreme and ultimate goal of righteousness for all freedom loving human beings.

The astonishing wave of revolt against Fascism caused by the tragic fate of Matteotti is a very

encouraging sign of a sharp turn for good in Italian public life. The whitewashing of Mussolini will be of no avail. Fascism has given itself a deadly blow, which cannot fail to give stimulation to the unbroken spirit of rebellion that permeates the working class of Italy. It has been our contention that Fascism as a party was not fit to rule; we might add that it has been dishonorable and piratical; that it has governed the country with 15th century methods of government; suppressed all kinds of freedom for the workers, planned and furthered scores of mass butcheries, filled the jails with radicals, encouraged the wanton destruction of proletarian institutions. Italy, under two years of Fascist rule, has gone back to an arbitrary condition of affairs, even worse than that enjoyed before its unification.

The Fascist dictatorship has been a regime of direct-super-government of the newly rich, young, acquisitive, imperialistic bourgeoisie that saw the light with the World War and that nursed itself freely on the blood shed by the fallen war-hating conscript soldiers. That such murderous regime would sooner or later break down under the strain of its inconsistency and absurdity, we have already predicted. Besmirched with war profiteering, bank failures and oil (yes, oil, too), scandals, unfortunately Fascism is still the scourge, the black spot, the very disgrace of Italy. But the avenging harbinger of an aroused working class is on its way. Woe to the traitors when its mighty fist will justly fall crashing on their guilty heads. Italian capitalism then surely will crumble unto dust.

The dawn of a new day full of significance for the workers is not far off. Toilers everywhere should organize on the economic field and prepare themselves for the coming new struggle. Shall the working class of Italy succeed in throwing off the heavy yoke of capitalistic slavery this time? The answer is up to you, workers of the world.



The Waning Night

By A FACTORY GIRL

I Woke up and greeted the Waning Night.
The moon was shining Silver like.
The ocean, a vast mirror,
The sky, cool-blue, with stars sparkling.
All this mighty atmosphere grew paler and paler.
The cool breeze mingled with the rays of the rising Sun and I was glad to be awake!
To see all this.

Thoughts of humanity still a-slumber dispelled my mood.

When will the Night of the human race grow paler and paler?

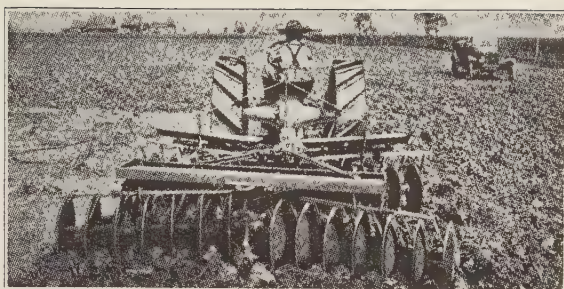
And the rays of the rising R-E-D S-U-N
Mingle with the cold, bleak wind

That rages in the night of Mankind, The Class Struggle?

A factory whistle blows, how shrill
The birds seem affright in their thrilling tunes
But they sing on their carefree natural songs.
The human race too seems affright,
And, wake to their slavish daily task.
They heed the call of the factory whistle, the Master's Voice.
The Master, whose greed for profit enslaved the human race.
When the enslaved race shall see this fact, of their enslavement
They will wake with a thrilling freedom song,
To greet the Red Dawn.
And for the daily task instead the Master's voice,
Heed the call of human Solidarity.
How good it to be awake!
To visualize that day.



Baling Crew at Work.



Thirteen-Year-Old Boy Runs Tractor.

MACHINERY ON THE FARM

Following the Trail of Industry

By JOHN HAYHAND

Agriculture Now Resorts to Group Production, Group Capital And Group Distribution As In Other Lines Of Capitalism—Larger Farms, Corporation Farming And Combinations Now The Rule—When Will Farm Labor Of All Kinds Combine Too?—Interesting Facts And Figures From Many Sources Show Trend Of Times.

GROUP production, group capital, and group distribution are normal lines of endeavor in commerce and industry. Farming has been the last to recognize their value, but it is now thoroughly alive to it"—O. E. Bradfute, president of the American Farm Bureau federation.

The president of the American Farm Bureau federation is discussing the proposed consolidation of the "big five" grain companies with the farmers' 5,000 co-operative elevators, in the Chicago Sunday Tribune of June 22nd. As he puts it, "The farmers are merely following the trail of industry."

If they are, and the writer believes they are, we may expect to see the "big five" companies—Armour, Bartlett-Frazier, Rosenbaum Grain Co., Rosenbaum Bros. and J. C. Shaffer Co.—swallow up the farmers' 5,000 co-operative societies. That's usually what happens: the big fish swallow the little ones in commerce and industry, though, in this instance, the belief is being propagated that the wheat growers will control the big companies through the farmers' co-operatives. None but the veriest tyro in modern economic evolution will believe that possible, however.

This latest merger proceeds as does all others, viz., with the idea of centralizing in order to save. It is believed that from \$1,500,000 to \$8,000,000 will be realized in economies growing out of the merger. The latter is expected to become of international importance, if consummated. As one of its promoters expresses it, the merger "will go a long way in the merchandising of the products from agriculture's \$80,000,000,000 investment."

This grain merger will follow the lines of the California fruit growers' associations. It will regulate output and markets and seek to enable its controlling interests to market grain to the best advantage. Thus will agriculture follow the industrial trend, by adding combination to combination, and by increasing the size of the farms as formerly

industry before it, increased the size of the factory and corporation.

Just recently, a Fordson booklet has come to hand, with some indirect information on the corporate development of farming and the use of farm machinery, which contributes to this development. By-the-way, recall ex-Governor Frank M. Lowden's reason for declining the vice-presidential nomination on the Republican ticket. He considered farm organization work of more benefit and more worthy. Considering his connections with big farm implement corporations his stand is noteworthy. Something big is going to happen soon in farm industrialization and combination.

But to get back to the Fordson booklet. Here's P. G. Blakeley, manager, Carol Plantation, Theodore, Alabama, praising the tractor. Alex Lion of Fresno, Calif., finds the tractor does the work of eight head of horses; and is going to get another for another ranch that he purchased recently. Frederick Gilbert, manager, The Canyon Springs Ranch Company, Rialto, California, finds the tractor a displacer of teams (and also, no doubt, the men that drive them). L. S. White, manager of the Black and White Company, Lindsay, Tulare County, California, finds the tractor "so satisfactory in every way on this ranch" that he purchased one for his own ranch. G. M. Allread of the Allread Contract

Company, Fresno, Calif., owns a whole fleet of tractors, no less than five, and finds them great savers in prune work. The J. C. Forkner Fig Gardens, with offices in Fresno, run 50 and 60 different tractors on their **10,000 acres of figs.**

So it goes; the farm corporation, with its manager, machinery, absorption of other farms, and interlocking interests, is growing, principally in California. Other states, however, show similar tendencies. Here's Mr. George Kuhns, president of the Bankers Life Company, Des Moines, Iowa: "I am now using nine tractors of seven different makes on **my various farms.**" (Bold face ours.) On one farm I have a twelve-year-old boy who runs the Fordson." Thus, this banker and multi-farm owner is an employer of child labor, as well.

Farm Manager H. Coffin of the Bingham Farm, near Paxton, Mass., writes, "Mr. Brigham considers the tractor will do the work of four teams of horses and four men."

Here's a letter from Willard Smith, a 13-year-old Fordson operator of Powers, Mich., "Dad has never taken the time to operate the tractor. He thinks I can handle it as good as any man. I have plowed swamp land where we could not use horses. It will plow such land one acre per hour. **We have bought 80 acres more to keep the Fordson busy.**" (Bold face ours.)

On the farm of W. H. Parkhurst, Incorporated, Hammonton, N. J., 2,500 peach trees were sprayed in a single day, with the aid of the tractor.

It's the same story from other states, north, south, east and west. Farms are growing from small to larger sizes; and from private to corporate ownership; and from such ownership into combinations of owners. As will be observed from the testimonials given above, the use of machinery in a profitable manner necessitates the growth of the farm. Machinery does not pay on a small farm. So the small farm must go; and with it the small farmer. And as machinery increases output, combinations to regulate and market output become necessary, and so do other combinations to finance them. Thus, "the farmers," in the language of President Bradfute, "are merely following the trail of industry."

Why shouldn't the workers employed by the farmers do the same thing? Why shouldn't they all, whether migratory, farm hand, or what not, do as the industrial workers did in a similar period, and organize into labor unions, too? It's going to be a difficult undertaking at first; but all beginnings are hard; and farm labor will learn as it goes; the capitalists and farmers learn in the same way. So, You farm laborers of all kinds, climb aboard the union wagon; join Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union, No. 110, Industrial Workers of the World; and you'll be following the trial of industry, too.

The Farmer and High Prices

By EDWARD NORWELD

WE still have the financial writers with us. Now we hear the same old song again. They are attempting to blame the farmer's distress on the high wages that labor receives. "Big business has to pay such high wages that it is necessary to charge the farmer an exorbitant price for all the products that he buys." It seems impossible that a man exists who can reason in that channel at this day and age.

The farmer's distress is due to exactly the same causes as the ones that oppress the rest of the community

All this can best be explained by taking quotations from Veblen's book "The Engineers and the Price System." "Business men manage the country's industry, of course, and therefore regulate the rate and volume of output and any regulation of the output by them will be made with a view to the needs of business—with a view to the largest obtainable net profit, not with a view to the physical needs of these peoples who have come thru the war and made the world safe for the business of the vested interests.

"It is the working of the price system, whose creatures and agents these business men are. They are not in a position to manage with a free hand, the reason being that they have in the past, under the routine requirements of the price system as it takes effect in corporation finance, taken on so large an overhead burden of fixed charges that any appreciable decrease in the net earnings of the business will bring any well-managed concern of this class face to face with bankruptcy.

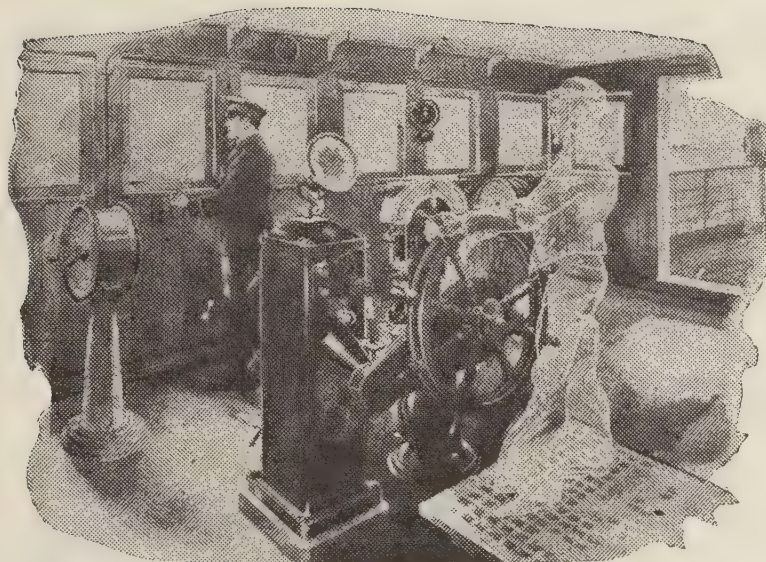
"In the recent past earnings have been large; these large earnings (free income) have been capitalized; then capitalized value has been added to the corporate capital and covered with securities bearing a fixed income-charge, representing free income, which has thereby become a liability on the earnings of the corporation; this liability cannot be met in case the concern's net aggregate earnings fall off in any degree; therefore prices must be kept up to such a figure as will bring the largest net aggregate return.

"The protective tariff protects certain special interests by obstructing competition from beyond the frontier. This is the main use of a national boundary. The effect of the tariff is to keep the supply of goods down and thereby keep the price up, and so to bring dividends to those special interests which deal in the protected articles of trade, at the cost of the underlying community."

That is something for every farmer and laborer to think over; facts that cannot be repeated too often. Another thing to remember is: that an increase in wages does not mean anything to labor when prices have been skyrocketed and the dollar deflated.

CHANGE YOUR MENTAL ENVIRONMENT.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE PIONEER. \$1 SIX MOS.



Out Goes the Quartermaster

GYRO-PILOT TAKES HIS PLACE

By CIVIL ENGINEER

A FEW years back, when a ship started out at sea for a trip, every sailor took a trick at the wheel. The officers watched them and picked out the best steersmen. They were the quartermasters for the balance of the trip. This rule is still in operation on cargo boats. On passenger boats, however, another rule has long prevailed. Men shipped as quartermasters and nobody knew exactly about their fitness for the job. There was a great deal of pull or underhand work connected with this hiring. Some fellows were made quartermasters who had never been to sea before. On the Great Lakes, mates used to board at nominal rates with some families during the winter and, in the spring, the son of the family shipped with them as a wheelman, which is the equivalent of a quartermaster on the lakes.

As a social type, the quartermaster was worth studying. He exemplified several truths of social psychology which deserve to be briefly stated.

Aping Superiority

First, the quartermaster was in line for promotion to officer's rank. When a man of individualistic temperament fancies that he can rise above his class and in opposition to it, he begins by assuming immediately the clothes, the thoughts and the mental habits of the class to which he wishes to gain access. Most of the time he gets no further. Most quartermasters I have known on passenger boats—and I had a chance to get acquainted with quite a few—considered themselves better than the average sailor. Their pay was only slightly above that of the man on deck, the difference on English ships being as low as one dollar. But the company saw to it that they had special quarters, a little better food and a special uniform and those empty and hollow honors, if honors they were, were sufficient to develop in them an artificial in-

dividuality which was skillfully brought into play when labor conflicts arose on board the ship.

In many instances, in case of strike, the quartermasters scabbed. Promotion seemed to go hand in hand with flunkkeyism. When two quartermasters had to stand watch together, it was customary for each one of them to take a two hours' trick at the wheel and for the other two hours of the watch he remained on call, most of his time being spent in personal service towards the officer on watch. Many a mate strutting about the decks of a ship with stripes on his sleeves and contempt for the crew in his mind won his promotion by that kind of personal service, which is tantamount to saying that he got it at the cost of his own manhood and dignity.

The whole situation was rather disappointing from the point of view of opportunity for the men of the deck as well as from that of efficiency. The importance of the latter factor is of the uttermost since the safety of the lives of passengers and crew depends upon it.

I never was able to understand why the old style leaders of the sailors imbued with the favorite notions of the American Separation of Labor did not organize a quartermasters' union. They certainly missed a great opportunity when they overlooked



Now Steered by Machine.

that possibility. The often acute disagreements between the deck crew and the "bantams of the bridge," as the quartermasters used to be called, with their bearing upon the necessary solidarity of the crew would have turned out to be quite a boon for the shipowners, those kind gentlemen whose private ownership of marine transportation Mr. Andrew Furuseth and his lieutenants are so anxious to protect against the collectivistic designs of the Marine Transport Workers.

Quartermaster Ousted by Machine

But now the problem of the quartermaster is solved once and for all and the machine process has turned the trick. For a leveler of human beings and a destroyer of fancied superiorities the machine process is hard to beat.

The Sperry gyro-pilot was invented as a supplement to the gyroscope. The last-named device was a long step along the road to economy, owing to its indicating instantly to the helmsman the ship's yaw or her periodical departure from her course. While it enabled the helmsman to improve his steering in a marked degree, an appreciable time was required for the human eye and brain to note the yaw and another instant for the hand to apply the corrective helm. In other words, the compass indication was more perfect and instantaneous in its action than the human ability to follow it.

A remedy for this condition suggested itself in the form of a contact maker actuated by the gyroscope which would cause the rudder to respond instantly to slight variations of the ship from its course with the resultant elimination of the human link in the chain. The development of this idea was attempted by Mr. Sperry as far back as 1912. This basic idea for ship control was sidetracked during the war, due to pressure of supplying equipment already developed. The actual work on the gyro-pilot has been in process for the last three years and, in the last two years trial machines on several ships have efficiently steered them for hundreds of thousands of miles.

The Sperry gyro-pilot was on display at the London Marine Exhibition in 1923 and also at the Marine Show in New York last year, while many companies are installing or have already installed the new machines and are advertising their use as an index of the up-to-date character of their equipment.

So, it's goodbye quartermaster. There will be no more strutting about the decks and starting up flirtations with fair lady passengers. It's back to the foc'sle, to the common crew mulligan, instead of growing indifferent to the horrible concoctions fed to the crew because one is allowed to feed on the leavings of the officers' mess.

The downfall of the quartermaster by the suppression of his job ought to be an object lesson for

those who still have individualistic illusions in the presence of the evident trend of all forms of technical progress. When he comes to realize his real condition as an industrial proletarian, the former quartermaster displaced by the gyro-compass will understand that there is only one avenue of escape from present day economic conditions and that it resides in the improvement of the living conditions of all the workers as a whole on a horizontal level. His next step will be to comprehend that the method to bring about that progress of the men of the sea along class lines is not provided by the old Seamen's Union with its Jeffersonian Democratic pope, old Andy Furuseth, but by the scientific and adequate methods embodied in the organization of the Marine Transport Workers of the IWW.



AN IMPROVED "HELL SHIP"

This 'Frisco sailing ship made a trip to the Philippines and back to USA in six months, with a full crew of IWWs, who, through job action, got better food and working conditions for themselves.

This kind of ship used to be called "hell ship." But solidarity amongst the workers has improved conditions aboard them.

Solidarity will improve the workers' conditions wherever used.

Read The Industrial Pioneer for Original Working Class Contributions to Poetry, Economics, Politics, Sociology, Technology, Organization, Science and Art. Subscription, \$2.00 a Year; \$1 Six Months.

Revolutionizing Concrete Plugged Ivory Domes

THE Industrial Pioneer is growing again. Thanks to the effective co-operation of Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union No. 110, our July number showed a big advance in circulation over the June number. We intend to keep it up, until we have even our present circulation surpassed again. It can be done and is going to be done, reader and fellow worker, with your help. Get behind the circulation campaign of the Industrial Pioneer and roll up its circulation!

* * *

The Industrial Pioneer is meeting with a hearty reception everywhere. Here's what L. L. M. writes from Franklin, Pa.:

"I am certainly sorry that I can't send subscriptions for a million copies of the best labor magazine published; but considering circumstances I am most damn glad to be able to get one copy per month.

"Have tried to get subscribers around here; but these boobs have had a hole bored in their ivory domes when young and in the hole is poured 'Marry young; get a home. A long job at small wages is the best job'; then the hole is plugged with concrete.

"However, am in hopes of my health improving so as to get back on the firing line again."

* * *

That's the spirit: get back on the firing line, among the "boobs" with the concrete plugged ivory domes. If we can effect a revolution in their idealism and ways of thinking, we are revolutionary, indeed. And that's what the Industrial Pioneer is here for: namely, to revolutionize working class thought.

Help it along! Push its circulation everywhere!

* * *

Above the Ordinary Standards!

INDUSTRIAL PIONEER:

Financial stringency prohibited a peep at the June number until this afternoon. But when I did manage to grab one I sat down and read it "from kiver to kiver"—and including the "kivers"—without even stopping to "roll a pill." Convinced that you already know the June Pioneer—and each article, story, poem, and "Wobble" it contains—to be far above the ordinary standard of perfection, I shall not trouble you with unnecessary comment. However, I must say that "Yes, We Have No Bananas, But We Have Opportunities Galore," by A. Rail Fillosofer, carries a punch that is irresistible. Let us hope he may feel inclined to come again. Seattle, Wash

—Card 473009.

===

GET BEHIND THE IWW PRESS. PUSH IT EVERYWHERE.

AUGUST, 1924

A Testimonial

INDUSTRIAL PIONEER.

It has been my pleasure for the past 7 months to read The Industrial Pioneer. In return for my pleasure, as well as the undoubted educational benefits I have received, I wish to send you this brief testimonial:

I have in the last two years read all sorts of working class literature, but in none of it have I seen the facts of existence explained more plausibly, plainly, or more readably expressed.

Your articles on the outstanding capitalists of the world, especially bring out Marx's theory that industry is centering into fewer and fewer hands as the years go by.

They make the truth of that theory more understandable.

Hoping you will continue to be the same high class publication that you are until the worker's yoke is lifted, I remain—Card X-123895, I. U. 310. Karlsruhe, N. D.

* * *

Some More Boosts!

THE Pioneer is great. I am lending my copies over and over again! E. V. P., Portland, Oregon.

The Pioneer gives the slaves' side. All hard pan; no politics. Keep her up! F. W., Milwaukee, Wis.

The June issue is great. Keep it up! We'll do all we can to help it. J. J., New York, N. Y.

I must say that the workers all like to read the Pioneer, as it educates and makes men out of slaves. V. N., Morgan, Pa.

* * *

I have been a reader of your magazine (The Industrial Pioneer) for the past nine months, and like it fine. I am sure that it is the best work out for the common people. R. L. G., So. Pekin, Ill.

Enclosed find two dollars for one year's subscription to the Pioneer. It's getting better right along. J. Y., Tuolumne, Calif.

* * *

We are for the Pioneer! "What's Behind Teapot Dome?" is fine! "The IWW Comes Back In New England" is good! We like "The Diary of a Migratory Worker;" Poem by Dublin Dan is correct. He tells the harp where to head in! As a whole the June number is the best number yet! F. B., Winnemucca, Nevada.

I also congratulate you on the wonderful June number. Hoping the July number will be a greater success still. W. G., Klamath Falls, Oregon.

The Big Gray Castle

By LUCY EMBREE

I AM going to tell you a story
It must be told today,
You'll never guess! It sounds so queer
And seems so far away.

Out there against those hills
Where the sunflowers grow so high,
There stands a big gray castle
With towers that reach to the sky.

It's just like a bedtime story
Of fairies and goblins, too,
Toads that talk in the moonlight,
And spiders that nest in the dew.

Oh: It looks as if a princess
Would climb the iron stair
And sit in the queer little window
And comb her golden hair.

I know you'll never guess
This is the queerest part of all
My **only** and **dearest** Daddy
Lives, always, behind that wall.

There isn't any princess
Combing her yellow hair
But a long, long row of prison cells
Behind that iron stair.

I told this little story
To the Governor one day,
I think he's hard of hearing
For he turned his head away.



Una Embree, Age 5½ Years, on the Capitol Steps,
Boise, Idaho.

I am only a tiny little girl
But there's one truth I understand
The Governor's only a governor
While the workers cover the land.

Some day they'll all come together
And then! What a sight you'll see
Why! They'll climb that big gray tower
And bring my Daddy home to me.



The Captive Wob

(After Hemans)

By VERA MÖLLER

"Your hour is come, the stage is set!"
The master cried to the captive wob,
"The judge is bribed, and the jury fixed,
And they'll make your sentence a thorough job.
But renounce the convictions that brought you here,
Say a humble slave you'll be,
Give up your button, and your red card,
And you may yet be free."
There was a silence in the cell,
And then the wobbly spoke,
"For years I've called on slaves to rise,
And cast off the boss' yoke.
And I never have known when a prison door
Would swing open for me on its hinge,
I have boldly defied this fate outside,
So why should I shrink, or cringe?"

If there must be martyrs in Freedom's name,
If men must be jailed, that the truth be free,
Ere the tyrant's day is done,
Then why should not I be one?"
And when the wobbly's voice had ceased,
Its echo seemed to swell,
Into a clarion note that brought,
Strange shapes to fill the cell.
The spirits of the men who fought,
In Freedom's name before;
For man's right to proclaim the truth,
And still came more and more,
With something that no power could dim,
Exultantly they gazed,
Toward the eastward where the light,
Of Freedom's morning blazed.



Unemployment Grows

US Senator Thomas Walsh estimates that there are 2,000,000 unemployed workers in this country. He bases his figures on statistics furnished by officials of labor unions. The Illinois State Labor Statistician declares unemployment is continuing to grow. The above picture shows some of the out-of-works waiting for jobs in a Chicago employment agency.

UNEMPLOYMENT AND RECORD DIVIDENDS

SIX months' dividend record best in history"—so says a double column headline on the financial page of a leading morning newspaper.

"No fewer than 300 industrials and twenty-five railroad companies have improved their dividend payments to stockholders during the six months just ended.

"No other half-year in America's history ever matched this."

There's something for workmen to reflect on.

Farmers may go bankrupt, 1924 business failures may exceed those of 1923, both in number and liabilities, and two or more millions of workingmen may be unemployed; yet, despite it all, the six months' dividend record is the best "in America's history."

With so much bankruptcy, failures, and unemployment, how is that possible? How is it that stockholders do not share in the hard times; but, on the contrary, are richer than ever before?

The answer is simple. They thrive because they own the means whereby all of us live. Through this ownership they can exploit us more abundantly in hard times than in good. First, they can, by means of them, force down wages, or utilize them to install wage-saving machinery. Second, they can also buy out bankrupt competitors for a song; that is, practically confiscate them.

Look at Germany, where the Stinnes and other industrialists grow ever more bloated, though the workers are starved and the middle class is impoverished and exterminated. History repeats itself

wherever capitalism flourishes.

But let us take a concrete case to illustrate how big corporations thrive on labor during hard times, especially unorganized labor. There's the Republic Iron and Steel Company, one of the largest "independent" steel manufacturers. According to The Labor Bureau, Inc., this company made in the first three months of 1924 a net income of \$2,080,809, after setting aside a generous provision for maintenance and repair of plants and for taxes. Further ample charges made against this sum for depreciation, exhaustion of minerals, and interest on bonds left a clear surplus of \$1,356,157. "Earnings for the year to date," said John A Topping, the chairman of the Board, "closely approximate the total preferred dividend requirements for the year 1924." In addition, the company looks for such prosperous times ahead and is so well financed that it is undertaking additions which will cost about \$4,500,000.

Bear in mind, all these reserve and improvement funds are made possible by labor, mental and manual, co-operatively employed.

But what does labor get in return for all this? How are the workers sharing in this prosperity? By being forced to accept a reduction of 10 to 15 per cent in wages, announced in the early part of May. Obviously this reduction was not necessitated by the financial position of the company, which is about as good as ever in its history. The cut was merely made possible by the fact that recently the

temporary slump in production has reduced operations to between 50 and 70 per cent of capacity, thus creating unemployment. This giant employer has taken advantage of the helpless and unorganized workers further to reduce their share in the joint undertaking.

Clearly, the remedy for record-breaking dividends is more organization for more wages and less hours.



Two Idol Smashers

Review by EDWARD LA RUCRYTH

WHO feels the pulse of the almost mythical public at this late age, under the gauntlet of dissimulation, prejudice, delusion and a million and one agencies used to color their deeds, is justified in his actions whether they be insane, cynical or pessimistically iconoclastic; they are but the expression of his character, a test of his tolerance or foresight.

Young men in such a position with a resistance that rebounds are a barometer that may give the old revolutionist heart. In such a position will be found groups of young newspapermen, cynical, though unsullied by the capitalist contradictions they are forced to feed their "public." Here and there these young reporters who see the raw incidents in the lives of both classes polished into nuggets, with the emery of phrase, word, truth and "two-sides" taboos, for the moulding of that gigantic living fetish, public opinion, have established forums for their own expression.

What these people think of the mad panorama is worth knowing. Two magazines published by this

precocious and rapidly growing class of young writers, mostly in their twenties, are printed in California, the hate state. "Tomorrow," published on the frontier of the class war, Los Angeles, is, like "Gently Brother," of San Francisco, pulsing with life and a wholesome irreverence for all the pompous best people, not excluding the Rotary Club, Kiwanis, Lions, Round Table or the 100 per cent Clubs. These two publications are idol smashers of enlightened youth; they do not attempt to reconstruct, their precociousness does not extend to that—that is left for us.

Some may condemn the new arrivals ("Tomorrow" is in its second volume and "Gently Brother" in its second issue), with the phrase "mud slinger," but this is not applicable as its evidence cannot be contradicted. With Ingersoll they believe that who destroys a weed does the world a favor whether he sows well in its place or not. For this the IWW, whose mission is to tear the false masks and scientifically reconstruct education and the institutions of the people, must welcome the newborn fearlessness embodied in "Gently Brother" and its brother.



Through a Doctor's Eyes

DOCTORS are of many schools. Most of them ignore the economic cause of disease. The author of "As a Doctor Sees It" is an exception. He finds many human ailments directly traceable to the present system and advocates its transformation accordingly. In this volume, his economic bias is evident.

In chapter one, entitled, "In the Sweat of Thy Face," for instance, one finds this little sketch:—

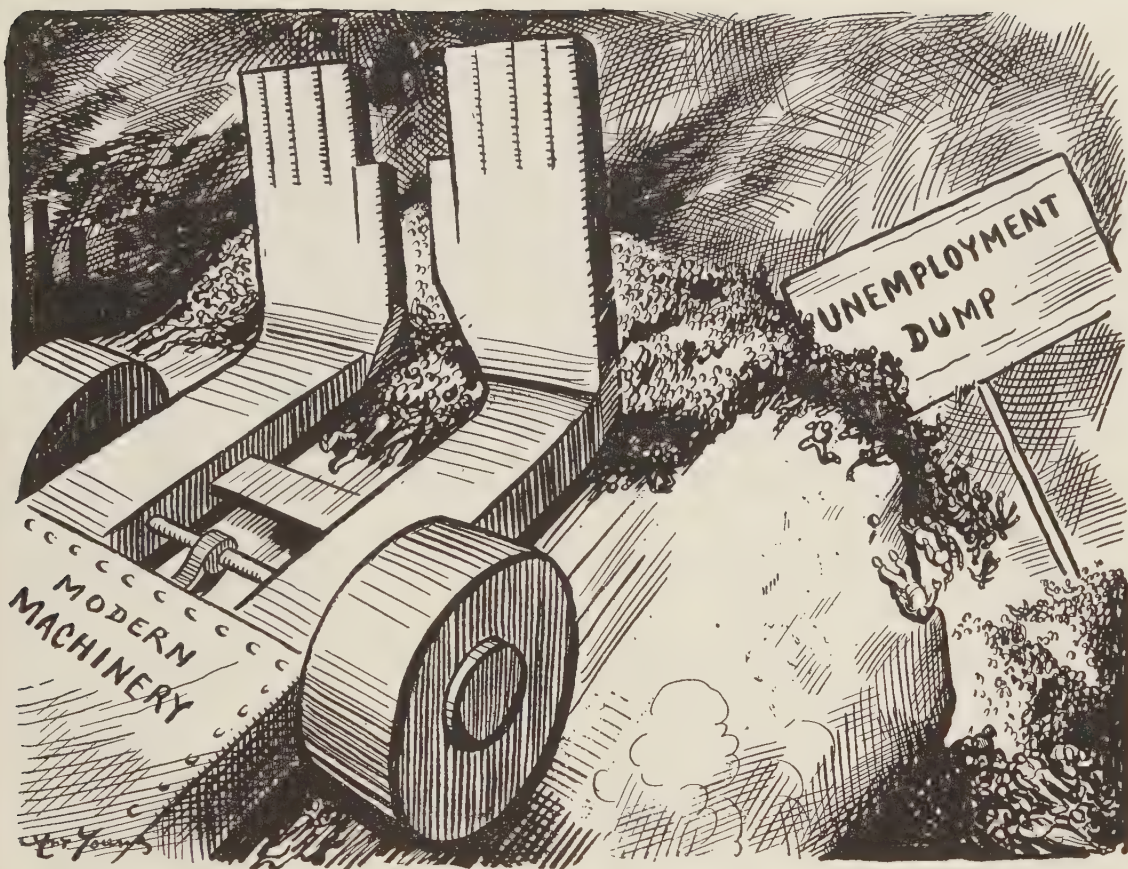
'A case of lung tuberculosis. A young man. When I ask him about his past, he lifts his head and his cloudy eyes glimmer. After a while he begins to smile and tells me the story of his adventurous life. Then he concludes with these words—'Yes it is difficult to stay in the shop, together with so many people, especially for a man like me. I was born on the water, in Europe, on a river

boat, of which my father was captain, and I was always out of doors, under the broad blue sky, until a few years ago. Here in the shop I am suffocating. I cannot breathe. No, I cannot breathe'— And he has a fit of coughing."

This crisp, sententious style is characteristic of the entire work. There are 200 pages of these briefly told stories. They impress the reviewer as the literary condensation of a doctor's case histories. Some are sordid, others tragic; some gay; all real and impressive. They are "dedicated to writers in search of subjects." They contain the germs of more ample tales.

Sixty-four pencil sketches by the author adorn the book.

Published by the Critic and Guide Co., New York City. Ben Zion Liber, author.



A Cartoon with a Thought

Arthur Brisbane once proclaimed Art Young the greatest of cartoonists. He called him "the thinker in cartoons" and said, "Every one of his cartoons has a thought in it."

This was never better illustrated than in the above cartoon, donated by the famous cartoonist—thinker, to the IWW press in general and The Railroad Workers' Bulletin in particular. Therein we see the modern machine process pushing the workers off the earth onto the out-of-work scrapheap.

It is a striking conception, that of two big mechanical hands irresistibly forcing the employed off the planet of work and usefulness into the discard. One has only to walk about the slave markets of the big cities, with their masses of unemployed and unemployable, to realize the profundity of the thought contained in this cartoon. This condition, moreover, is not only national, but international as well; and is increasing instead of diminishing.

It should serve to awaken the workers to the need of organization, to the end that the machine may be made to serve society instead of enriching only the few who own it. Let it be soon.



the many needed in the present stage of civilization and that the same problems are to be met in all of them, and will remain a class issue as long as the profit system remains. Every year thousands of men who have heard the message of industrial freedom thru industrial unionism for the first time in some jungle-camp, on the curbstone of some small town in the harvest country or in some farmer's wheat field, take that message back to the cities with them as well as a remembrance of the practicability of industrial unionism as they have seen it used in the harvest. And they have the assurance of the members of the AWIU that industrial unionism will solve the problems of labor equally well in shop, factory, mine, mill, railroad, or any other working-place, as it does in the harvest fields.

The Message of the AWIU

This year in particular it will be well for the many city workers who will make the harvest because of the shutting down of industry in the cities, to lend an attentive ear to the teaching of the many Wobblies they will meet between Oklahoma and the Canadian line. As an integral part of the IWW, the AWIU is preaching the doctrine of industrial democracy and pointing the way to end the system which is responsible for the many panics and times of unemployment the workers of the world are forced to endure under the capitalist system and on the attention paid to these teachings will depend whether the immediate future will be made more livable than the past has been. To these city workers, and there will be thousands of them this season, we have this to say:



How it Strikes the Farmer

Taft, Ore., June 14, 1924.

Editor, Industrial Pioneer.

Fellow Worker:

It is rather out of my line to "throw bouquets," as a rule I "throw bricks" instead. But the following is too good to keep. Coming up the beach from Reedsport recently, I "ran out" of chuck. Accordingly I stopped at a farm house and secured a dozen eggs, a loaf of bread, and some butter. I offered to pay the man for the food, but he wouldn't take my money.

Then I gave him the June issue of the Pioneer. I explained to him that I would perhaps go to work at Taft. Also gave him one of my calling cards; which of course bear my name.

This evening I received a letter from him which reads in part.

"You paid for the food a dozen times over with

Read our literature, look back at your own lives, see how closely our ideas coincide with the experiences you have undergone, weigh and consider the remedy we offer, observe its workings in the harvest fields this summer and then use your best judgment: we are not afraid of your decision.

To every man in the harvest, city worker or migratory, our message is: No one will ever give you anything you are not able to take, and no one will ever allow you to retain anything you are not able to fight for. Individually you are helpless; organized with your fellow workers you are invincible. Industrial unionism is the best form of organization, and the IWW, of which the AWIU is part, is the only real industrial union in the world. We and you are of the same class, the producing class; together we are exploited by the masters of industry, robbed of the wealth we produce, made to suffer, fight and die for those who keep us in wage slavery, and finally turned out to starve when we are no longer profitable to the owners of the industries. Your interests and ours are inseparable, together we win or lose, survive or perish. We could have no motive in asking you to do anything against your interests, because as you suffer so do we. United we can go forward to victory; separately we are doomed to the deepest depths of wage slavery. Let us get together under the banner of the Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union of the IWW and raise our wages, shorten our working hours, better our conditions, and at the same time take the first steps toward ultimate freedom from wage slavery this summer.

the magazine. Although I am 'well read' it is the best I have got my hands on yet. The poem about the foreigner is a classic; and the article by Mr. MacDonald certainly opened my eyes. I think that I will subscribe for it.

With best wishes, I am,

[Signed] Joe Black.

P. S.—"The Missus says if you come this way again stop and spend a week with us and the kids. J. B."

And believe me, Editor, I will go that way again, because I sold literature all along the forty-five miles.

Hope Jim MacDonald don't get offended because of the prefix Mr.; it is Black's not mine.

I remain as ever. Yours for increased education, academic as well as economic,

"Boomer".



The Wonderful Age

By JUSTUS EBERT

Greater than that sung by either Homer or Goethe, praised and exalted by Steinmetz, is the present age an age of great abnormality as well as great achievement?—With waste of natural and human resources, with war, revolution, counter-revolution and unemployment its leading features, is it a menacing age, as well as an age of mechanical triumph?—With Labor stirring everywhere, will the greatest wonder of the wonderful age be the industrial unity and victory of Labor, the beginning of the Era of Labor?

[SEE NEXT PAGE]

On June 15, the Metal, Building Construction and Foodstuff Workers' Branches of The Industrial Workers of the World, of Detroit, Mich., Held a Joint Picnic. On This Occasion the Following Address was Delivered by the Editor of The Industrial Pioneer.

YOU, no doubt, will all recall Chas. Steinmetz, "the electrical wizard," "the hunchback who played with lightning," who died only a short time ago. A man of great genius and social aims—a socialist, in fact—Steinmetz admired the present age, which his extensive scientific contributions helped to make famous. Steinmetz was indignant to think that the present age should be regarded as an age without either romance, poetry or art. To him it was a wonderful age, greater than that ever sung by Homer or dreamt of by Goethe. An age too great in its manifestations for the average literary man, immersed in sex or erotics or small town characteristics to grasp and depict. An age vibrant with poetry and romance, in which "we fling the human voice over thousands of miles across continents and oceans by telephone." The age of the submarine, airplane, phonograph, cinematoscope, wireless telegraphy, the steam turbine, "the mighty spinning top . . . fed by the stored sunlight of prehistoric ages. Turning at a speed that would carry them across the continent in a few hours were they not imprisoned in a power plant, some single turbines furnish mankind with electricity equalling the power of sixty thousand horses. They turn night into day and propel the electric fan with the speed of a gale. They actuate mines and factories and make possible wonderful materials, now unknown, to future generations."

The age of the steamship and the railway train, the factory and mill, the electric light, telegraph and motor, the radio, the telephotoscope—a wonderful age, worthy of the wonderful man who sings its wonders while helping immensely to make them possible by his original contributions and to turn them to the benefit of mankind instead of a hated predatory few.

The wooden horses of Troy never had anything on those sixty thousand real horses displaced by the steam turbine; and absorbed into and symbolized by its achievements, whether in the power house ashore, or in the motor departments aboard the big ships on the ocean waves.

Prometheus bound to the rocks was a childish figment of the imagination compared with electricity bound to the services of man, in its wide multiplicity of forms. The navigators, sung by Homer, "who wandered through the terrors of the ocean's surface at the dawn of history" were pikers compared with the navigators who wander through the terrors of the ocean depths in the submarine, thus surpassing them in daring achievement and giving actuality to the romances of Jules Verne.

And Wilhelm Meister, with all of his fornication, so despised by Wordsworth, was nothing compared to his real industrial successors, the Rathenaus, Stinnes and John Proletarians. They dreamt, aspired and achieved, while the puppets of Goethe got nowhere, except into the ravings of shallow-pated literary dilettantes!

Detroit, Apex of Machine Age

Truly, we live in a wonderful age—an age of great scientific and mechanical achievement—an age of great organization and production. Who should know this better than you, the workers of Detroit here assembled? You live in a new city that owes its tall skyscrapers and its extensive plants to the automotive industry and to machine power as applied to the farm, both modern wonders. You live amid machines that turn out autos, tractors, and other forms of modern wealth in such vast quantities in such brief time as to fill the world with

breathless wonder and many new problems. You live, in brief, at the apex of the machine age, with its billions of capital, its extensive industrial organization, its mass production, its armies of workers, its individual automatism, its autocratic and corporate ownership and rule and its world-wide exports, ramifications and effects.

Talk of the glory that was Greece and Rome! Talk of the battalions and triumphs that were Caesar's! What are they to the far-flung glories of Detroit? Or to the battalions, the victories and the domination of a Ford, with his 158,000 employees and corporations in 8 countries; or the General Motors, with its 135,000 employees and sales in 144 countries?

And yet this wonderful age, like a wonderful jag, leaves a dark-brown taste in the mouth, as it were. Despite its romance, poetry and art—its song and story, over-shadowing the song and story of Homer and Goethe, sung and told by a Steinmetz—despite it all, you, workers of Detroit, appear to like it not!

And you, fellow workers of Detroit, are not alone in this. For everywhere, your fellow workers in cities remote from Detroit, and in other countries, too, share your deep-seated unrest and discontent. Everywhere there exists a straining for release from something—man knows not; and for something towards which he yearns and aspires too vaguely and indefinitely.

What Ails This Age?

What ails this wonderful age? Can it be that in addition to being an age of great achievement it is also an age of great abnormality? One that has the outward brilliance of the mentally diseased genius, together with his ultimate internal decay

and collapse? What's the matter with the wonderful age, anyway? Is it basically unsound? Inherently corrupt and impossible?

For one thing, the wonderful age is an age of waste, uncertainty, destructiveness and war. It's a threatening, menacing age—threatening and menacing the destruction of natural resources and civilization in its competitive struggles, both at home and abroad.

To those who deny the truth of the Marxian doctrine of the increasing misery of the working class under this wonderful age, this wonderful capitalism, the ten millions killed directly in the late war, died in vain! The many tens of millions more who died indirectly, the victims of blockade, starvation, famine, reparations jugglery, may as well have never breathed at one time, as far as this gentry is concerned! And the many revolutions, with their pogroms, fascismo, "reds hunts," and a thousand and one other destructive aberrations—what of their multitudes of victims? Are they not chargeable to capitalism, whose own President, Woodrow Wilson, condemned it, when he said the late world-war was an economic war, originating in the commercial rivalry, born of the present capitalist system—the present wonderful age?

However, the past is past; let the past bury the past. But what of the future? Are the war maniacs appeased? With war clouds hovering all about us, with the officials of the Illinois Employers' Association saying, "Of course, another war will come," where is that uplift from misery, that surcease from sorrow, which this wonderful age, this glorious capitalism, is supposed to confer on mankind; especially the most numerous part of it, the working class?

With worse cataclysms than the late world-war confronting us, because more scientifically deadly and inclusive of the non-combatants, who wonders that we are straining at the leash that holds us bound to a fate that we deem accursed and of no intrinsic value to any set of men except the giant bloated capitalists who profit most exclusively therefrom?

Where Is Race Idealism?

Where is the race idealism of such a preposterous condition? Do we live and die simply to make others who exploit and despise us, rich and powerful? Is this the acme of the wonderful age?

Next to war, we have another abnormality, namely, unemployment. At present, there are a quarter of a million railroad workers unemployed. In the state of Massachusetts, 114,000 workers are unemployed, at a loss of \$10,000,000 in wages every month. In Detroit, it is said that 50 per cent of the auto workers are out of work. The same story comes from all over the land. And from abroad, too. From England, Germany, Russia—everywhere the cry for work and bread is heard. Surely, a wonderful condition for a wonderful age.

It is not an unusual, or extraordinary condition by any means, either. Every few years, growing more and ever more frequent, we have unemployment and the "business recessions," slack times,

panics, crises, and so forth, of which they are born. We had such conditions in 1913-1914, 1921, and now again in 1924. During such times, farmers go bankrupt, business men become workmen, workmen lose their small homes and savings, and destitution becomes more wide-spread and general; while giant capitalism grows ever more bloated.

War and unemployment come from the same cause. We workers, the world over, produce more than we get wages for and can buy back and consume. As a result, fields of investments and markets to absorb the surplus capital and products, must be secured abroad.

But other nationals are also in the same fix. They meet in competitive struggle; war results. Pending such developments, we workers must remain idle. Economic hardships fill the land, and the wonderful age becomes the age of disillusionment, followed by discontent and revolt!

The same thing happens after war, when, following an immense destruction of wealth which gives us "prosperity" of a temporary character, "deflation" ensues: that is, "the wind and the water" are squeezed out of us, and we are left broke, out of work, and presumably ready for another war, worse than before. Truly a wonderful achievement for a wonderful age?

Causes of War and Unemployment

A few facts and figures will show the common origin of both war and unemployment!

In 1919, for instance, according to the biggest bank in the country, the National City Bank of New York, we produced \$62½ billions in new values for which we received only \$10 billions in wages in return. Though the workers constitute the vast majority of the population it is mathematically impossible for them to buy back \$62½ billions with only \$10 billions.

On the other hand, do what they may, the remaining few, the capitalists, who get the difference, cannot spend it, nor can they invest it at home! On the contrary, every investment at home, because of its additions to an industrial equipment already too great, only increases overproduction, and only makes more markets in other countries, more fields of investment there, more imperative.

Since the worker cannot buy back all that he produces, nor the capitalist waste or reinvest it, and more markets and fields of investment are therefore imperative, war or unemployment, or both in turn, take place, with the horrible holocaust of humanity already described.

It is thus that the wonderful age is converted into the abnormal age. Starting originally with the robbery of labor in industry, the wonderful age becomes the age of exploitation, oppression, overproduction, unemployment, war, revolution and counter-revolution, with all of their attendant horrors.

Age of New Ideas, New Visions

Hence arise new ideas, new visions! These great achievements of the wonderful age, these great industrial establishments on all sides, together with their extensive effects, appear at odds with man's

social and democratic aspirations. They appear to be only possible by the autocratic, despotic rule of the few capitalist owners; and by the complete destruction of individuality, combined with the complete dehumanizing of labor and mankind in general.

That is, in this wonderful age, with its modern industrialism, Labor is not regarded as a quality forming a part of man, but a something that must be made to fit into the machine process and the requirements of capitalism like a cog. Labor, in other words, is regarded as a Robot, a mechanically adjusted creature, devoid of understanding and emotion, whose only mission in life is to produce wealth and die in warfare when necessary, for those whose profit it is waged, namely, the capitalist class.

In brief, the trouble with this wonderful age is that it is too mechanical, too impersonal, and too inhuman. It reduces Labor to an automaton. It exalts capitalist profit above humanity. It opposes both individual and combined action not in accord with its plant and imperialist policies. And, like another Moloch, it cries out for deification and worship even though the race be sacrificed.

To sum it all up, in still another way, despite its brilliant achievements, the wonderful age is a brutal, monstrous age, menacing and threatening the entire human race with its inherent defects and its outward excrescences. It is not likely to long endure. For, say what you will about the inherent depravity of human nature, Man aspires towards something better than being a mere wealth maker and protector for an abnormal class. He has well defined social tendencies that will ultimately sweep this class monstrosity into the scrap heap.

Workers World's Modern Atlas

Let us turn, then, from pessimism and criticism to optimism and construction. Let's get back to the wonderful age and seek the elements that will save it from the cataclysms that await it, if its present tendencies continue unrestrained. These elements, my fellow workers, reside in you! They reside in workers like you everywhere! It is on your, the workers' labor power and adaptability, that the wonderful age depends for its operation and success.

The workers are the modern Atlas on whose shoulders the modern world rests. Stand from under, refuse to support the modern world, and no power can sustain it. You, the workers, alone make the modern world safe and possible.

Awaken to a consciousness of your great importance! Refuse to give modern capitalism your moral support. Organize to effect its modification and transformation through its immense dependence on yourselves. Organize your economic power just as it is exploited in industry. Organize industrially, for the salvation of yourselves and society—of which you, the workers, are the biggest part.

On all sides we see labor striving in this direction. In Russia, Italy, Germany, England, Japan, everywhere where modern industrialism holds sway, or has left its impress, is Labor raising its head

and bestirring itself in behalf of a new era—the era of Labor!

True, it is amid much travail and defeat that Labor struggles; true, Labor appears at times like a rope of sand, or a broken reed; unreliable and impossible. But never before has it struggled on such a big scale and with such a great degree of near-success, as in the wonderful age. Never before has the new society appeared aborning as it does in the great, though apparently futile efforts now reverberating 'round the world. And never before was the old society so perturbed; so upset, so desperate and so frantic as at present. Labor, fellow workers, is far from vanquished!

Let us hope, then, with all the hope that the favorable evidence warrants, that Labor's next great effort is coming, and that the day of its triumph is nearer than may appear on the surface.

Onward Labor! Onward!! And upward!!!

The Things that Count

Let us onward and upward with a due regard for the things that count, that mean something! Let's turn to our masters to see what they deem important in the strategy of social control. Let's see what Ford thinks, or what the General Motors does, for instance.

Ford's success would indicate that he knows what he is talking about.

In his interview with Chas. Wood, printed in *Colliers*, August, 1923, Ford said:

"The industrial organism is stronger and healthier than the political organism. It has more life flowing through it, more energy. Wouldn't wonder if industry would eventually absorb the political government.

"We speak in awe of our 'form of government' and even pass laws making it a crime to criticize it. You can't imagine an industry thriving if it considered its form of organization beyond criticism."

It's in the industrial organism then that we should primarily organize. It is stronger, healthier, and more fundamental than is the political organism that is based on it.

Further, it is in the industrial organism that we are employed. It is there we are most powerful, because most essential. We should organize just as we work therein.

If we work in an auto plant, we should organize as an auto workers' branch of the Metal Workers' Industrial Union. If we work on a building we should organize a branch of the Building Construction Workers' Industrial Union. If we work in a packing house or a restaurant, we should form a branch of the Foodstuff Workers' Industrial Union. And so all down the line. Organize just as you work. Then interlock your industrial unions into one big union.

Don't organize according to trade, race, nationality, religion, or sex. Ford doesn't organize us that way. He employs all kinds of skilled and unskilled labor, mainly the latter; of all nationalities, sex, race, color and creed. Sixty different nationalities are working in the Ford plant, all for Henry Ford.



Labor Is The Modern Atlas

On Its Shoulders Rests the
Modern World.

When Labor Refuses to Support
the Modern World No Power
Can Sustain It. It Will Be With-
out Foundation.

The industrial organism isn't based on any of these peculiarities. Nor is it centralized to the exclusion of specialization and decentralization. Ford pays minute attention to the individual employee and exploits him accordingly, fitting him carefully into his general scheme. We should also pay attention to individual aptitude and not try to run the entire working class through either a migratory or a home-guard mold. Not only does Ford, with his highly centralized plant, make allowance for specialization

and diversity; but so does the General Motors. Its plan of organization, too, admits of wide differences of form and management among its 64 subsidiary organizations. The industrial organism is, let it be emphasized once more, made up of all shades of skill and ability, every kind of nationality, race, creed, color, sex and caste; and, finally, it co-ordinates the most diverse principles into one co-operative whole.

Labor also must organize as one co-operative

whole, embracing all kinds of labor, with room enough for industrial, branch and job autonomy, and an educated, efficient and trained membership and officers; with solidarity at all times as the principle on which all else is based.

Above all we must organize on a big basis, with a big vision and a big ideal to guide us. The wonderful age is a big age, an age of great achievements; and the working class will never amount to anything until it, too, becomes as big class-consciously as that age, and as great in class achievement. This requires big grasp, big ability, which, if lacking, must be cultivated and encouraged. The pride of skill and place, the prejudices of caste, the exclusiveness of race and sect, the jealousies of factional rivalries, have no place in big scale unionism. That is, in industrial unionism. Industrial unionism must blend where it cannot modify or eliminate these characteristics; following therein the lead of the big industrialism on which it is based.

Capitalism is universal, but within its universalism there is great diversity of group interests and organizations. There are corporations of all kinds, with international as well as national federations; employers' associations, as well as a US Chamber of Commerce uniting them all. Labor must be universal, too. Its universalism must be as flexible and inclusive as that of capitalism; or else cast iron rigidity will kill it, as cast iron rigidity always does.

Above all, Labor, organized in industrial unionism, must be experienced and efficient. To organize so as to place a premium on inexperience and incompetency is to place industrial unionism in constant jeopardy. Capitalism pays well for management, technical, muscular, and other ability and keeps it as long as it produces profits and results. Industrial unionism can well take a cue from capitalism.

But enough of detail: let's never forget the vast sweep of the wonderful age and the necessity for encompassing this sweep in a vast way so as to convert it into working class victory. **A working class victory would be the most wonderful achievement of this most wonderful age.** Do you favor such a victory?

Do you want the end of labor exploitation by securing to labor all that it produces, thus ending the cause of overproduction, unemployment and war?

Do you want a new era in society, in which human evolution will be less destructive and hateful and more constructive and happy?

Do you want a new society whose foundations are sunk deep in modern industrialism, with its dependence on labor and its consequent projection of labor into the place of prime importance, with the mission to change the wonderful age into the age of labor?

If you want all these wonders, join the industrial union of your industry. Study your industry; become familiar with its technology and peculiarities, in all their many phases. Prepare yourself for the new time coming! Prepare your fellow workers also. Get active among the unorganized in your

industry. Get out among the workers everywhere, at all times, especially at the present time of unemployment. Don't let some dingy little hall, or some handful in a meeting be the limits of your horizon or activity. Get out among the workers. Arouse **them** to a consciousness of their economic power—of the dependence of modern society on the combined efforts—mental and manual—of the working class.

Stir them with the idealism of the new society—of the workers' society, where man will mean more than capitalist profit and capital will only be a means to his enrichment, instead of the means of his exploitation for private individuals, as is now the case.

Throw factionalism to the winds! Get away from caste or personal outlooks and wrangles. Take a big view of this big subject. Get out of the rut! Look up and onward! Expand! Grow!!

Remember the words of the preamble: "By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old."

To work then! Let's make good those words. Extend our message throughout the land to the auto, building construction, steel, railroad, food-stuff, agricultural, transportation, oil, in brief, all the workers in all the industries. Let's appeal to them all, whether migratory, homeguard, or technician; whether in the box car or in the city! Hold meetings in or near the shops, on or near the jobs. Make house-to-house visits. Spread the workers' press at the factory gate, on the trolleys, in the workers' homes—everywhere the workers move and have their being! Get the workers to think, to aspire, to Unite! And then the wonderful age will be wonderful indeed, for then it will be our age—the age of labor!

Long live Labor!

Bought and Paid For

JIM SEYMOUR In "TOMORROW".

MY LADY is dressed in a wonderful gown
That rivals the delicate flowers of May,
The gold of the poppy entwined with its brown
Resembles the moonlight on wavelets at play;
My Lady is proud of her beautiful dress,
Where transmigrant tints of the rainbow are caught,
And pride is quite natural, all must confess,
To beauty adorned in what beauty has bought.

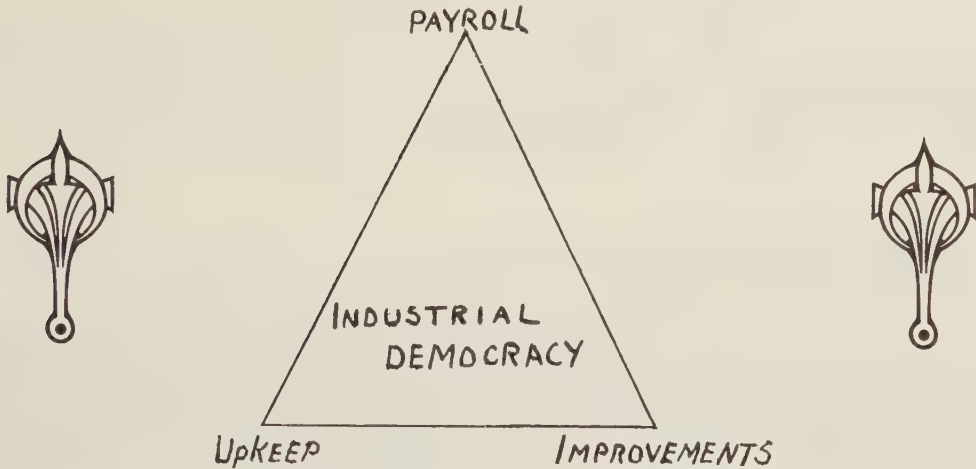
* * *

Rebecca is toiling away at the loom
That roars with the voice of a demon amuck
The germs of disease in the dust-flurried room
Are seeking to strike where their fellows have struck;

Rebecca is sallow, consumptive and wan,
Her youth and her health into fabrics are made;
For dresses for others her lifeblood is gone:
Be haughty, My Lady,—the price has been paid.

Industry and Life

By EDWARD NORWELD



ONE of Hearst's financial writers, under date of June 19th, writes:

"Broadly speaking, every alert management, industriously seeking to effect economics, is working for the benefit of you and me."

It does not take a great deal of insight to see that "you and me" can mean only the kept class, which includes the financial writers who pander to them.

"Are high wages and low selling costs both possible? In a broad sense the answer again is 'Yes.'"

He is right in that instance, but if he realizes how that can be achieved he is afraid to say so. Industrial Democracy is the true solution as shown by the triangle. The fruit of industry is dividends but absentee owners or non-producing stockholders are the parasites that eat the fruit and kill the tree. It is only necessary for any present day business to be run on the basis of the triangle i. e., to pay good wages, upkeep and improvements. All dividends should go back into industry for that purpose. As business is run in America today, dividends usually go to the kept class to furnish the members of that class with all luxuries of life and satiate all their vicious desires.

In another paragraph he says that the enlightened employer of today realizes that the higher the wages which feasibly can be paid the greater will be the purchasing power of the nation and the greater this purchasing power, the greater the business that can be done and the greater, therefore, our national prosperity. It is true that a great many employers realize that fact, but they attempt to bring it to realization without making any sacrifices on their part when it comes to dividends and income. That is impossible for there is a law of economics that is just as rigid and exact as the laws in mathematics. Take away any part of the industrial triangle just to feed the passions of a few pampered rich and the whole industrial structure will eventually crumble and fall.

Speaking of the public and forcing a lopsided deal upon it, he says, it can be done for a time but not as a permanent diet. It simply isn't economically practicable. He is right, but his conception of what constitutes the public is a little hazy. There are two classes—the kept class and the producers. The producers are all workers. The kept class is continually trying to get something for nothing from the producers. The producers are in the majority by millions. The producers equal the multitude and the multitude equals the public. The motto: "Abolition of the wage system," without an adequate explanation is the thing that has driven thousands of these producers or workers away from the greatest labor organization of all. Abolition of the present wage system cannot mean a return to primitive barter for that would only be going from bad to worse. All parasites or non-producers should be eliminated, but the workers, whether manual or mental, would still have to receive an income. If one is unduly sensitive about the word wages we can designate the name of the income one would receive, under Industrial Democracy or a partnership in industry, as salary.

Now when we get back to our financial writer again, he goes on to say, that the things he has set forth are or ought to be A B C truths understood by the least educated workmen. "But, unhappily, these truths are not understood by all workmen." Yes! It is, indeed, unhappily, for the kept class.

Now he quotes from an official of the General Electric Company and it is like putting on an old record on the Victrola: This is the closing paragraph: "Yes, treat workmen so that they will become genuinely interested in their jobs and they can do more than either capital or management to reduce costs and make it possible for you and me and every one else to enjoy a more generous share of comforts, conveniences and luxuries of life."

Some day workers may realize that they support

others in luxury while they receive the crust. There is no question but what big business is ruling because the leaders used their heads; used them to the extent of following this motto: "Any means are fair to an end." But now conditions have come that may make their end anything but what they anticipate. The word of a Chinaman or Turk is good, but the word of a big business man, as a general rule, is no good. Neither is a written contract if he awakens to the fact that one little point in

it is inimical to his selfish end. It is usually an easy matter for him to find a loophole so that he can break a contract—"The Guardians of the Vested Interests" are usually up in arms to protect him. It is difficult to entertain the idea that he will expand with the moving forces and increase his intelligence so that he can hold his position against the assaults of rugged, pioneering minds that fear no obstacles. Before it is too late, he may awaken to his true position and abdicate, but I doubt it.



Oakridge, Ore., Center Big Construction Job

THE above town is located at the northern end of the Natron Cutoff. The latter is a big construction job undertaken by the Southern Pacific Railroad. It extends southward to Klamath Falls, Oregon, a distance of over 200 miles.

About 3500 men are employed by the various companies on the western slope of the grade according to Frank T. Rejotte, of one of the large contracting firms. The larger companies having men employed on the grade and doing actual construction work are: Utah Construction company, Kelley & Sullivan, Wren & Grenough, Bechel Construction, Henry & Mcfee, Rejotte & Winters, and Stewart & Welch who are working out of O'Dell Lake on the east side.

Somewhere in the neighborhood of 8000 men will be employed by the various units when the building operations are in full swing, according to Rejotte. Practically all of these men will be working this side of the summit and will be frequent visitors in Oakridge.

General Construction Workers' Industrial Union No. 310, Industrial Workers of the World, has a live branch at Oakridge. The membership is doing everything possible to extend organization all along the cut-off.

Social features here are not very numerous. Oakridge has more than its share of bootleggers that follow up construction booms. Its one hotel is located on the main street. Town is wide open: red lights and moonshine abound. There is no door on the jail, a wooden box-like structure. Drunks use it for moonshine festivals when money runs low.

The morale of the IWW has good effects on the workers, as it keeps many old-timers from hitting the booze and getting drunk.

Other old-timers cannot resist temptation. Some of the old construction workers know the bootleggers and pimps from other big construction centers such as Edmonton, Fitzhugh, Prince Rupert on the Grand Trunk; Anchorage and Seward on the Alaska government railroad; and Cordova on the Copper River Railroad. Of course, the politicians "stand in" with them.

So-called flop houses, also exist. These are put up in a hurry and built of the lowest grade of lumber. Proprietors harvest considerable profit from the workers when construction is going on.

Conditions in the camps, although improved during the last few years are still pretty rotten.

At north end of line Kelly and Sullivan, clearing right-of-way, charge 50 cents a meal for board and \$1.25 a week for filthy blankets.

Rotten board; men cannot stand it very long. Lumbermen's employment office, Portland, Ore., is shipping slaves here. It's a grand harvest for the sharks.

General Construction Workers' Industrial Union No. 310 is carrying on a heavy organization campaign. Have to combat narrowmindedness of starving ranchers from stump ranches of Oregon and Washington. They are great in numbers and hard to organize. They are keeping camp conditions down.

The Natron Cutoff is a job that will last three years. Organization is going on at different parts of the line; and is having a good effect on the morale of the workers interested.

Shattering a Workers' Myth

By MILT WHITTINGTON

AMERICA, a prosperous and happy land of workers who own their homes!" proclaim the bourgeoisie yellow sheets.

"Our valuable employees are those who own their homes, or who are purchasing homes on our easy-payment plan," says the manufacturer. "We insist that all our employees purchase homes and we make it possible for the lowest paid and highest paid alike to own comfortable and respectable homes," he further states in his interview to the "Hundred Percent" magazine.

Yes, O Yes! It is all so nicely doped out for the gullible Boneheads. The company's interests and the workers' interests are identical. Proof? Sure. The company insists that the worker enjoy a respectable little home, made possible by their gracious bountifulness, and the cost is so moderate. Only a few dollars a month pays for the home. It's easier than paying rent, only the rent purchases the home. And Bonehead's inherent patriotism wells up within him and he is proud to be an employee of the company that looks to the welfare of its workers, whom they allude to as "employees," not low-brow-like: "workers." He enjoys with immense pleasure reading the "human interest" articles in the company house organ that relate in detail the humanitarian activities of the president, in hate of those "home destroying reds." "Home" is the word with the Bonehead; it controls the whole range of his emotions from love to bitterest hate.

Now, why do the companies insist and make it possible for their employees to own homes? If corporations are so heartless and soulless as Bonehead has heard that the "home destroying reds" paint them to be, why are they so interested in the welfare of those who work for them? And Bonehead immediately decides that the "reds" are a bunch of fanatics who never have had the intelligence or good fortune to have a job with a concern like the good and gracious company for which he works.

Approach Bonehead in a polite manner and put over some propaganda on industrial unionism and the chances are he will admit it is all right. Of course, if you happen to say that industrial unionism means IWW, he will paw the very air and you will have lost your audience. He will grant with you, long as you lay off the IWW stuff, that organization would do wonders. Then ask him how he would like to join the organization that he admits could do wonders. "I'd like to join you," he complains, "but I own a home. If I join I might lose my job, and I can't afford to run the risk. I have a nice little home here, so I can't leave it to hunt another job, though I do need better wages." This statement explains the condition of millions of American wage slaves who are victims of the "fear psychology"; fear of losing their job in the town where they own a home.

America! Our great and glorious land of fourteen-year-old mentalities! Boneheads, and they make up the major portion of our homeguard civilization, average about fourteen years each in mental

capacity. If they were older, they wouldn't be so easily led to be drugged by the "home" idea.

Now, to drive home the point with a dagger thrust: Corporations compel their employees to own homes so they will be tied to the job and will be afraid to organize and demand a living wage. They can well afford to sell homes on "easy payment plans" to tie the employees. The concern reimburses itself by dropping wages and dropping wages, and the Bonehead, dominated by the "fear psychology" will continue to hold on to the job with a death grasp.

Verily, the "home" opiate is the strongest American drug!

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International Solidarity

By HAL BROMMELS

UNITE! all groups of Labor, cement your strength in ONE—

Go, emulate the masters—and do as they have done.

There must be just ONE union, of Labor and ONE aim

For longings of earth's toilers, and hopes, are all the same.

Enunciate this message, ring out your wish today,
For Labor has been straggling too long upon the way!

Put forth YOUR every effort in that you wish to see
So that the time shall hasten of world-wide unity!
Beware!—Let no group dogma which hinders
Labor's growth

Become your sacred leader to which you take an oath.

Permit no yoke to hold you, nor crush your energy,
For Labor has ONE purpose—and that is to be free!
Unite! All groups of Labor, cement your strength
in ONE—

Go, emulate the masters—and do as they have done.
Join hands, O Struggling Workers, in world-wide
unity,—

For Labor has ONE purpose—and that is to be free!

==

PER UNION RULES

In 1905, a Swedish sailor was applying for citizen's papers in 'Frisco.

"What's the constitution of the United States?"

"Coffee and overtime."

"Who is the President of the USA?"

"Andrew Furuseth."

One of Ours

By MATILDA ROBBINS

WE waited. The high ceilinged room with iron bars for walls through which could be seen the stone stairs leading to tiers of cells, was the prison reception hall. It was June outside, but here the stone floor and the cold, stale air coming up thru the grated walls chilled. Keys clanked. Doors opened and shut. Huge doors that were portions of the walls. They were opened by a guard whose sole duty seemed to be the opening and shutting of these doors. Opening and shutting of doors. He clanked his keys. They were the only living thing about him. He moved like an automaton opening and shutting doors. His face was expressionless. The guard at the table in the center of the dim, gray hall looked neither to the left nor right of him. He sat rigid, looking straight ahead of him. Into the depths he seemed to look through the grated wall.

Doors opened and shut. Keys clanked. Children came to see their fathers. Mothers their sons. Wives their husbands. A young prisoner was smiling up at his sweetheart. Looking up into her eyes ingratiatingly. His own eyes were feverish. There were deep marks around them of sleepless nights and torment.

The west wing door opened and shut. The guard shook his keys and stepped aside. Vanzetti! He came toward us with a quick, springy step, his figure taut, his wonderful smile falling upon us like a pale ray of sunlight. He shook hands with us. "I am so pleased to see you, comrades!" How soft and vibrant his voice! How his sensitive mouth quivered under his drooping mustache.

I had not seen him in three years. Not since that scorching day in July, 1921, when I saw him and his fellow victim, Sacco, in the steel cage in a Massachusetts courtroom. He leaned intently forward, his soft gray eyes full of questioning and of sorrow, while about him was being cast a net of lies upon which the Commonwealth built up its case and found him and Sacco guilty of murder. There was a light in those gray eyes then that could not be extinguished. Four years of the dim cell in the west wing have failed to extinguish it.

We talked. It was hard for me to bring the words up out of my throat. They got mixed up with the tears welling up in it and hurt with their throbbing. Vanzetti has a soft, melodious voice, but charged with the passionate appeal of the dreamer and the social rebel. Except for his comment that his ill ventilated cell hurts his lungs and that he cannot see the sky from the prison workshop where he makes automobile plates, he did not refer to himself again. But he repeated twice that he could not see the sky. He wanted so to see the blue sky!

How eager he was for news of the proletarian movement! How those soft eyes would light up

with hope of labor's triumph; how sadden at labor's defeats!

Vanzetti has learned English during his four years of prison. He speaks it with the precision of a foreigner acquiring a new tongue. But he invests it with a charm of liquid inflection with which his own Italian tongue is so exquisitely beautiful. When he spoke to his two Italian friends who were with us, it was like music that rose up and vibrated through the prison catacomb. His smile was like a benediction. His eloquent hands play upon the heart.

"You have many friends everywhere," I said to him, "friends who love you and will continue to work for your liberation."

I shall always remember the wonderful light of gratitude that came into his eyes as he said, "Ah, I know, I know, I feel. That is why I am still living."

Still living! This noble soul, this generous heart, this dreamer of human brotherhood and beauty still living under the shadow of the electric chair! There was the night when 20,000 volts of lightning snuffed out the life of one man! What a night of horror! He lies awake thinking of the men killed and the men that kill. Passionate apostle of freedom and of service to mankind; rebel against a world where men maim their fellow men in the name of law; where justice is in the hands of men who cannot hear, who cannot see, who cannot understand the spirit of Vanzetti.

The jailor brought a little piece of yellow paper and slipped it into Vanzetti's hand. He clutched it. Under his mustache he bit his lips. The prison clock struck four. The visit was at an end. I held his hand for a moment and quickly turned away. Doors were opening and shutting. Keys clanked. I looked back. With head high and quick step Vanzetti was walking through the grated wall of the west wing.

PROFIT IN 5 AND 10's

With the death of the wife of the late F. W. Woolworth, founder of a chain of 5-and-10-cent stores, financial circles are discussing the income of the late Mrs. Woolworth, who was physically and mentally disabled for several years. When Woolworth died, five years ago, his income from Woolworth common stock amounted to \$1,080,000 a year. This did not include his income from other investments. Since 1919 a 30 per cent stock dividend was issued, and the total Woolworth holdings will amount to about \$57,000,000. It is estimated that the income will now total \$2,100,000. This chain of stores is conducted along the usual 5-and-10 plan—employment of young girls at low wages, and trade unionism not tolerated.

WOBBALES

S'CANNED OIL!

Scandal is rife and it's all about OIL.
Candidates and cliques for once have to tOIL,
Alibi-ing out of the sinewy cOIL.
Now wrecking their chances the "public" to fOIL.
Dougheny and Sinclair declared that the sOIL
About Teapot Dome would yield them "fiel" spOIL.
Leas-ed we forget—they are sure "done in OIL."

HE SUCCEEDED

Scene: Small Pacific coast town. First open-air meeting since city ordinance prohibiting street speaking was passed. A fairly good sized crowd listening to Wobbly speaker. Town clown appears, makes his way to the speaker and loudly announces: "You can't speak here."

Reply: "I know I can't, but I'm doing my best."
The law walks away to escape jeers of audience.

DELUSIONS OF GRANDEUR

Down in southern Missouri, Mose White, a colored farm hand, appeared at a neighbor's back door one morning and asked for the loan of a mule to do his employer's plowing.

"Why, Mose," said the neighbor, "your boss has a good mule. Why not use him?"

"Well, suh," replied Mose, "dat mule sit in the shade all day. Jes' won't work."

"What's the matter with him? Is he sick?"

"No, suh," was the answer, "dat mule ain't sick. He jes' think he's a gentleman farmer!"—Harper's Magazine.

NOT SO GREEN AT THAT!

Two greenhorn Swedes were hopping it from the eastern part of the USA to Minnesota.

The fireman was taking a smoke during the night, and was attracted by one helluva splash in the tank.

He finally managed to pull the poor Swede up and squeezed the water out of him.

The latter rolled his eyes and blinked at the fireman. "Hay ye seen may partner?" he asked.

"No; whereinhell is your partner?" gasped the astonished fireman.

"Aye tank he bane in de smokestack."

Stop, Look, Listen! Then think, move, organize.

THE SAYINGS OF A SEER

T-bone Slim says: After careful perusal he can find only one faction in the IWW—dissatisfaction—with capitalism.



TRUE TO TYPE

FIRST BOOTLEG:—"He's a prohibition officer. Think we can risk bribing him?"

SECOND BOOTLEG:—"Sure; he's an ex-AFL official."

A MONEY SAVER

An Irish emigrant when leaving the docks of Belfast aboard ship, noticed a diver going down near the vessel. He looked for a long time out at sea, for the man of mystery to come up; but all in vain.

When the ship was tied up in New York another diver was coming up. Pat rushed over and grabbed his hand with a real grip.

"Be Jasus! Old Boy," he exclaimed. "You're all right. I wish I'd a known it. I'd a-walked and saved my money, too."

FOR CONSPICUOUS MERIT

"Noble man!" said the high-minded citizen to the policeman. "So you refused \$3,000 spot cash to let this liquor truck go?"

"Yeah," admitted the modest cop.

"Fine! And were you rewarded for your honesty?"

"Sure. The chief slipped me a couple of cases."

Prices are still ballooning. The housewife trying to buy a mattress finds that even the price of down is up.

A PLEASANT GIFT

Quick wit is a pleasant gift. A witness was being examined in an assault case. "Did you see this man assaulted?" asked counsel.

"No, but I heard him cry for help," was the answer.

"That is not satisfactory evidence," said counsel.

As he left the witness box the witness laughed loudly. The judge rebuked him and reminded him that he was showing contempt of court.

"What?" said the witness in surprise. "Did you see me laugh while I had my back to you?"

"No, but I heard you," said the judge

"That is not satisfactory evidence," answered the witness.



RISKY AS IT WAS

A Catholic priest was driving along the road in the land of coo coos and hospitality! He picked up a little Negro who was paddling along the road, too!

"Do you go to church, little boy," asked the holy father.

"Oh, yas suh," answered the boy.

"What's your religion, little man? Are you a Catholic?"

"Good Gawd, man! No!! Aint it bad enough to be a nigger, widout bein a Catholic, too?"



Conditions in Alaska

CORDOVA, Alaska—I have just finished reading the Industrial Pioneer for June. I will say that it is getting better and better every month. It seems as if the fellow workers are taking more and more interest in it, for there are sure some good writers sending in some good literature.

This makes me feel like writing, too; so I am going to write about my fishing experiences here, that I have had this summer.

There has been a big run of salmon this year; in fact, the biggest ever known in Alaska. There have been hundreds of nets sunk with thousands of salmon in them.

I sure can't help but think what great exploitation there is in this country.

The following are the prices paid for fish and in the canneries. The company will hire a bunch of men and pay them for red grey salmon, 12 cents and a half; and for King salmon, they get 75 cents.

They are allowed \$90 for grub, which includes the whole season and if they go over that they have to pay out of their own pockets. Imagine, to have to exist for six months on \$90 worth of grub! They can only buy the very cheapest kind of food in order to exist! And if the cannery tenders

Thirty-four

EASILY EXPLAINED

The new colored parson was all wound up. He was succeeding well in condemning almost every one of his flock to the bottomless pit.

But one old darkey having known the preacher's past, failed to understand why and wherefore the minister had gained the spiritual authority to act as judge of mortal man. So he jumped up and said:

"Look a heah, Parson! Aint you de man what busted into Mister Johnson's chicken roost last yeah?"

"Just lissen to dat foolishness," said the Parson. "Now breddern and sistern, you all knows I ain't tole you to do lak I does, but do lak I tells you."



THE DOG HAD THE BEST OF IT

A certain young man works in a western sawmill and "keeps bach" in a shack at the edge of town. During a cold snap, he found it advisable to temporarily take a room at a hotel and eat at a restaurant. In his absence, the bottles of milk left on the back porch froze and burst. Said he: "That milk was all spewed out around the top and looked like cones of ice cream. I would have eaten it but I was afraid of broken glass, so gave it to the dog." When told that broken glass will kill a dog as readily as it will a man, he replied: "Yes, I know, but the dog don't have to work in a dam'd sawmill every day."

break down, why they just have to pitch their fish overboard and have all that labor for nothing!

Now it costs a man \$125.00 to come and go from Seattle, Wash., to Cordova, Alaska; so there you are.

The Japanese laborers are hired by the season. This year's wages is \$350.00 for seven months. If they get a certain pack they are paid an additional bonus; and if not they are out of luck.

Card No. 826267

WATCH FOR THIS!

The sequel to the story, Annie, will appear in the November issue. It will be entitled

"NEMESIS"

Anyone familiar with the episode of the Verona at Everett, Washington, will understand what this new story is all about.

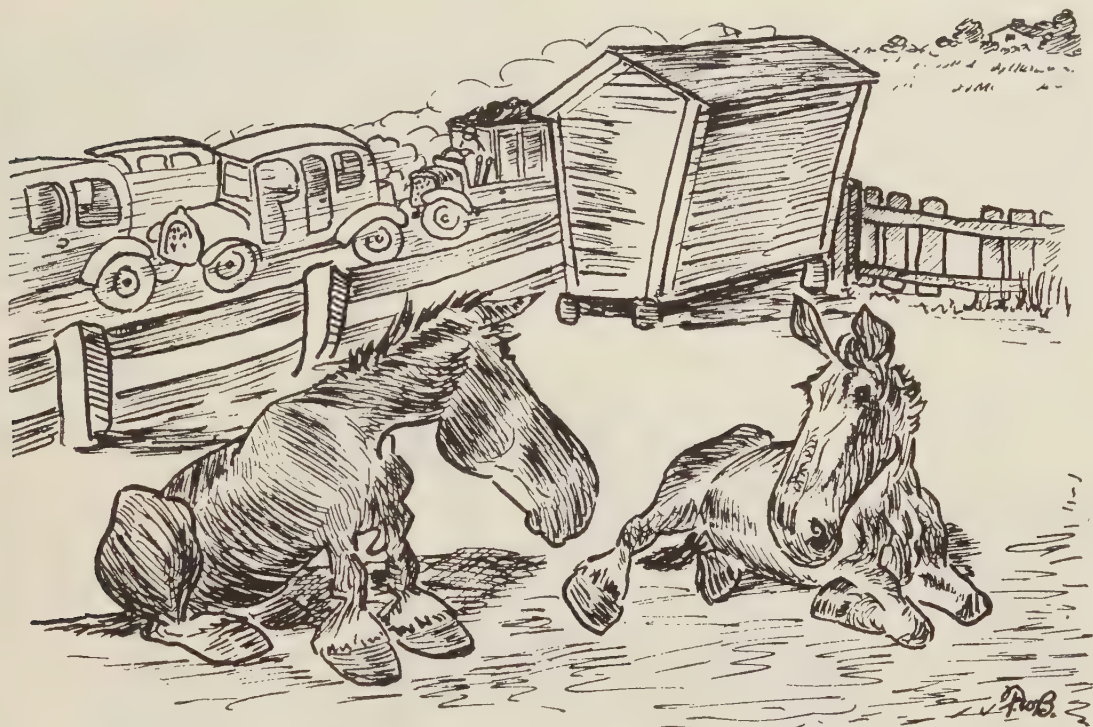
November 5th will be the anniversary of that terrible scene; and "Nemesis" will be appropriate for the occasion.

Subscribe for The Industrial Pioneer now in order to secure this and other good working class fiction. In addition, there will be articles treating of economics, organization, and current events.

INDUSTRIAL PIONEER

If Horses Reasoned Like Men—Especially Unemployed Men

By FRED W. BOWERMAN



First Truck Horse:—Do you think our unemployment will be for long, Charley?

Second Truck Horse:—At least until election is over.

I RECENTLY passed an empty corner lot, where two old truck horses had been turned loose temporarily to loaf until needed again.

Many motor cars and heavy trucks were passing with their loads of men and merchandise.

The question came to mind, what these two old plugs would be talking about if they could converse with each other. They were out of work and loafing, just like a lot of men are at the present time. The workers in discussing unemployment usually make use of some of the following reasons for such a state of affairs:

First Worker:—Well, John, how long do you think before we'll get our jobs back?

Second Worker:—Perhaps not until they decide the present election down in Washington.

Third Worker (butting in):—That's where you are mistaken. The reason that we're out of work is on account of the soldiers' bonus, the Mellon tax bill and prohibition.

And so it goes, this argument about unemployment. The trouble is we workers don't realize that we are like those two old nags who have been crowded out by the machine. Those truck horses no doubt understand this question of unemployment better than we humans. The machine (the automobile) has taken their places, and the same holds true of us workers in the mill, mine, camp,

railroad, ship, etc. The machine has taken OUR places.

Yesterday I read of a new machine now in use in the auto factories, which will turn, face and slot pistons at the rate of three a minute, and with an inexperienced operator. It used to take a skilled machinist thirty minutes to complete one piston.

You've seen the steam shovel at work digging as much dirt as fifty pick and shovel artists. You read about the automatic telephone switchboard which does the work without any central operator. New methods of mining coal dumps thousands of coal miners on the street. With the bottle machine they don't need glass blowers any more. In every industry machines are replacing workmen as the auto replaced the horse. The only trouble is, the average worker apparently fails to grasp this truth.

Many who know the machine is speeding up production and piling up more wealth for the owners of industry are led to believe by the company they work for, "that the more they make the machine produce, the more pay they will receive." Did you ever hear of a farmer feeding the team more oats because his flivver runs faster than the old team could? Then why think that the Standard Oil, the United States Steel Trust, the General Electric, the Great Northern Railroad, or any of

the other thousands of capitalist institutions are going to feed you more oats (more wages) because the machine produces more and better than hand labor?

Remember: The company is not in business for fun. They are in the game for profits. The more profits the better business.

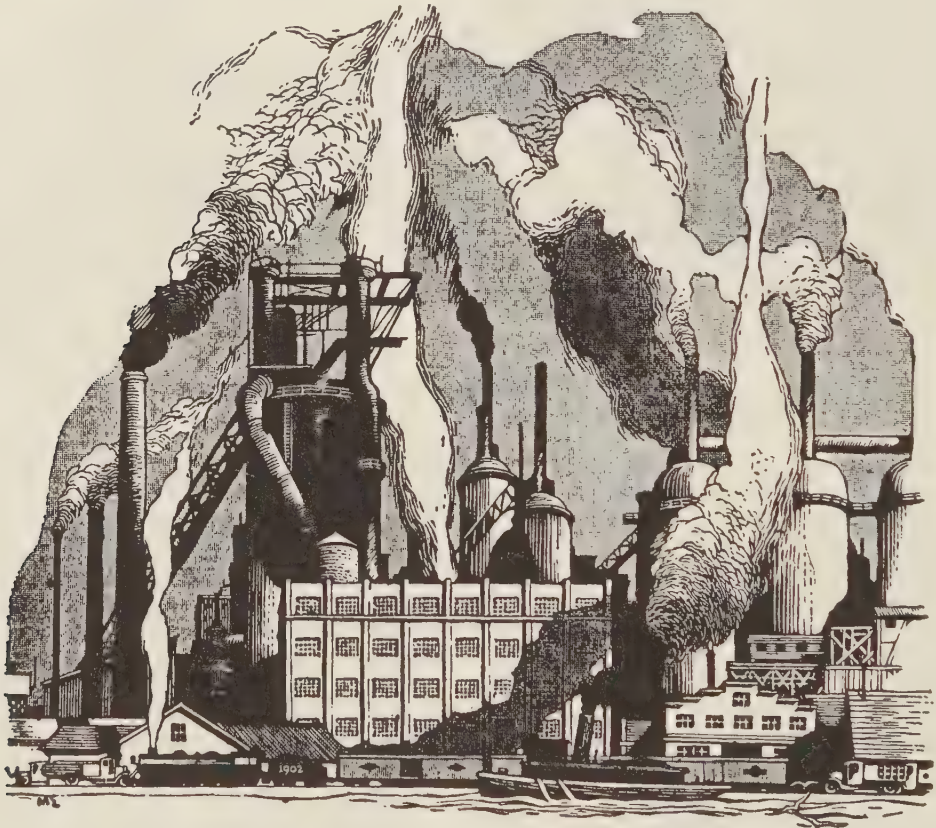
What are you in business for? You think you're not in business? Oh, yes you are. You are the most important factor about modern business. You who keep the wheels of industry turning. If it were not for you, there would be no business; no such a thing as industry, with all of its complicated and automatic machinery can run without you.

It is time that the workers awakened to their im-

portance. Time the automobile worker, the steel worker, and ALL began to realize that it is the workers who now run, manage and operate industry from start to finish.

It is also time that we began to organize in industry, began to unite in an industrial union, so that our labor power could be used in our interests, instead of for the owners of the machines.

The machine is throwing thousands of us out of work. Let's organize around that machine, build a union, and take control of **those machines**, and run them in the interests of the workers instead of for the profits of the bosses. The One Big Union will do the trick. It is the worker's only hope.



The Shop is the Workers' State. He Who Controls the Factories, Farms, Mills, Mines, Means of Transportation, and Communication and Exchange, Controls All Else. The Political State is But a Reflex of the Industrial State. There's the Workers' Capitol.

READ not to CONTRADICT and CONFUTE; Nor to BELIEVE and TAKE for GRANTED; But to WEIGH and CONSIDER.

Be a THINKER, let REASON be your AUTHORITY. Learn to express your THOUGHTS and FEELINGS, cultivate INITIATIVE and ORIGINALITY.

== Annie ==

By ADAM NOIR

The Tale of a Wobbly Girl's Unwitting Love for a Labor Spy and Its Tragic End—A Story that Exposes Once More the Viciousness of Industrial Espionage and the System of Private Capitalist Profit which It has Been Devised to Protect and Sustain.

‘WE don't ask you to believe what we say, we don't ask you to believe what we publish. All we ask is that you give us a hearing, read our literature and THINK. And remember, no argument, either spoken or printed, is worth more than just whatever grain of logic it may contain.”

The speaker was earnest and forceful, the crowd on the street corner listened eagerly, but it meant nothing to Jim Burton. That is, the IWW teaching meant nothing to him but disappointment. Through all the long weeks since he had been detailed to spy on them he had heard nothing but this eternal challenge to think; “read and think, listen and think. Then act in accord with the dictates of common sense and class interest.”

Never a word about destruction of property, never a word about killing capitalists or burning their homes, never a word advocating crime of any kind. Bah! Jim was sick of it.

Even his membership card; procured by representing himself as a school teacher—a wage worker—had not helped him to any real knowledge of the “Inner Circle” that was popularly supposed to meet in secret and plan all kinds of law violations. He was about ready to believe there was no Inner Circle. For two cents he would ask to be relieved and given something more exciting; a chance on the Dry Squad perhaps, where he could always be sure of his “Morning's Morning.” Yes, he sure was tired of it and would have quit weeks ago had it not been for Annie.

There was a girl worth thinking about—that Annie Blythe. She was not pretty, and she was built too much like a boy to take a prize as a Bathing Beauty, but she sure was some little pal. Best of all, he was sure she liked him immensely and it would take but little effort to get her to actually love him. “Well,” thought Jim, “if I do win out there, I'll take her out of this. No wife of mine is going to wander about here on the Skid Road at all hours, selling Wobbly papers to rough loggers, taking part in their street meetings, helping with the singing, even making speeches occasionally. No sir; none of that for Annie after we're married.”

A collection was being taken up to pay the cost of literature to be distributed among those too poor to buy. Annie came round with the hat. Jim tossed in fifty cents, just as he had tossed in fifty cents each night since he became a member. It irked him to waste his money in this way. He would far rather have spent it over a certain “Soft Drink” bar he knew of, or used it to buy tickets at one of the Chinese Lotteries so numerous in the neighborhood, but then, one had to do something to inspire confidence—and, Annie always gave him a smile.

The collection was taken, the distribution of lit-



When Unemployment Enters Home.

erature was made, the meeting closed, the crowd dispersed. As Annie started away with a group of others, Jim stopped her: “I say, Fellow Worker, what's the matter with going somewhere and getting a bite to eat? You look hungry, and I'm about to collapse. They won't need you any more tonight.”

Annie was hungry. It seemed to her that she was always just a bit hungry. Jim was a nice sort. He seemed to have plenty of money, so there need be no fear of imposing on him. She accepted.

They sought out a quiet restaurant, ordered a

good meal, and ate and talked for an hour or more. Afterwards, Jim saw her safely to her car and bid her good night.

Next evening, it was the same; except that when it came to paying the check Annie insisted that it was her turn. Jim objected vigorously, but she was not to be shaken. Finally, they compromised by agreeing to dine together each evening after the meeting and take turn about at paying the check.

This arrangement was kept up for many months; sometimes varied by a show or a dance, a boat excursion or a picnic, but always they went fifty-fifty on the expense. What they talked about, what they said to each other, is immaterial; but long before summer was gone they were engaged to be married, and the wedding was set for Thanksgiving day.

Jim believed he was the luckiest man in town. It is not every girl that will insist on bearing half of all expenses. It is not every girl that can be a real pal, and meet a man half way with a genuine spirit of give and take when personal whims and peculiarities are involved. In short, there are not many girls like Annie Blythe, and Jim knew it and was glad.

Annie was more than proud of her love. She spoke of it quite frankly with all her friends. All her friends were quite frankly pleased with her choice. All predicted great things for Annie and Jim. The Central Branch, in regular business meeting, gravely discussed the proposition and voted to give a big dance and entertainment in honor of the occasion.

Late in September a small cloud appeared on the horizon. Jim had utterly failed to turn in any incriminating evidence against the IWW and he was relieved from duty. More, he was dropped from the payroll and told, rather plainly, that the city authorities would be pleased to hear of his departure for other fields.

He was not in a position to loaf without a steady income. At all times, it had been his custom, after seeing Annie to her car, to spend many hours in wild carousal, and his discharge caught him broke and in debt. However, he was not lacking in resourcefulness.

Having always posed as a school teacher, he now told Annie that he had taken a position in a small country school in a neighboring county. While not directly asking for help, he so worded his conversation that she volunteered to lend him sixty-five dollars—every cent she had. He protested, but agreed to take the money with the explicit understanding that he be permitted to return it from the very first funds he received. With her money in his purse, with her kiss on his lips, with her cheery "Bye-bye, Jimmy boy." following him down the stairs, he quietly dropped from sight.

There was, of course, no position as school teacher, but there was labor trouble at Lumberton.

The shingle weavers were on strike, and guards were needed to protect the scabs. Moreover, the padded cell in Lumberton jail was said to be crammed with contraband booze, and the sheriff was widely known as a man who never permitted his deputies to want for a drink. So, the very next day found Jim, effectually disguised and under the name of James Smith, on the payroll of the Lumberton Commercial Club and taking orders from the Lumberton sheriff.

Jim's fondest hopes were more than fulfilled. Not only was he permitted an occasional drink, but it seemed to be intended that he get drunk and stay drunk. Every one around the sheriff's office was more or less drunk. A sober deputy was looked upon with suspicion.

The work was pleasant. Nothing to do but walk along with the scabs as they passed to and fro between their hotels and places of employment, or parade up and down in front of one of the mills with a shotgun on his shoulder, and hurl verbal insults and warlike challenges at the few union pickets on duty there.

However, the strike seemed to be winning. The mere presence of the pickets, standing so orderly at the gates, quietly pleading with their unorganized brothers not to take the struck jobs, was apparently sufficient to prevent extensive scabbing. The order went forth that the pickets must be driven away and kept away; they must not be permitted to even come in sight of a scab, or prospective scab.

At first it was easy pickings. All one had to do was to walk out, bat a picket over the head with a club or gun butt, call the wagon and have him run in for disturbing the peace, assault and battery, inciting to riot, or any other charge that happened to come handy.

Jim was in his glory. In five days he broke five heads and sent five pickets to jail. As each arrest was rewarded with an extra quart of Sunnybrook or Canadian Rye, he felt that he was doing very well indeed.

Nor was there lack of material for slugging. For each picket sent to jail, two or three appeared to take his place. One morning a company of twenty or more appeared before the gate at which Jim stood guard.

The mill owner was furious. Hurrying up town, he collected a band of deputies and Commercial Club volunteers and brought them into the mill through a rear entrance. At a given signal, they made a sortie and drove the pickets out upon a long bridge across the tide flats. Another band of deputies charged from the opposite end of the bridge.

Caught like rats in a trap, the pickets were forced to fight; but could not for long, with bare hands, stand up against clubs and revolvers. As soon as one went down, he was thrown from the bridge to the stinking mud below.

Jim was elated. Single-handed, and under the

eagerly approving eye of the boss, he succeeded in beating down two pickets, and shot a third one in the leg. He felt that he had earned extra pay and resolved to ask for it—if he could remember about it when he was drunker and had more nerve.

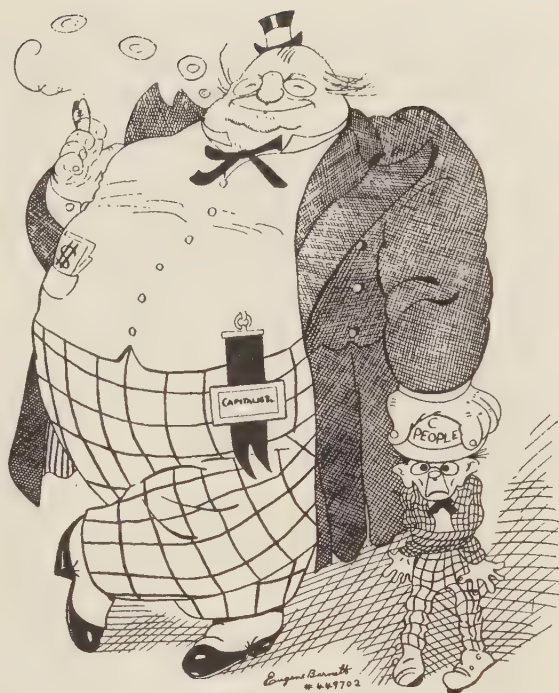
But Jim was soon to learn that there are two sides to all things, including a slugging carnival. That evening as the scabs and deputies came from the mill they were met by a mob of strikers and sympathizers and given a beating almost as severe as that received by the pickets in the forenoon. Jim was especially mauled. After beating his eyes shut and breaking his scalp in a dozen places, they fixed a rope to his feet and dragged him through the mud for some hundreds of yards; only leaving off when it became apparent that further punishment might prove fatal.

He was a mighty sick man as he lay in the hospital that night; sick in mind as well as body, for he had learned that even a striking slave will occasionally turn upon his tormentors, and the knowledge filled his little soul with terror. The mill owner's wife and a group of lady friends came bearing armloads of hot-house roses, and made pretty speeches praising his heroism and devotion to American ideals. He replied in such flowery phrases as his limited vocabulary would permit; telling them he felt he had but done his simple duty and that he longed for the time when he could again take the field against all enemies of law and order. Nevertheless, he made the mental observation that he would quit and take on a job at honest work rather than again face those terrible strikers.

In addition to the strike, the authorities were being pestered by the IWW. While Jim was in the hospital, a group came to town, opened an office and were trying to hold street meetings. This might not have seemed so bad at some other time, but they were preaching Industrial Solidarity—and they were being heard. There was grave danger that the workers in the lumber mills would heed the call, make common cause with the workers in the shingle mills and tie up the industries of Lumberton from center to circumference. Such a catastrophe must be avoided, whatever the cost, and the sheriff was ordered to run the IWW out of town and keep them out.

Already several meetings had been broken up, the office had been raided a couple of time and the furniture smashed, and the Wobblies had offered no resistance. Jim decided to ask for a position on the IWW squad—as being safer than facing mobs of strikers. As soon as he was fit for duty his request was granted.

Breaking up IWW street meetings proved to be as troublesome as chasing pickets away from the struck mills. As soon as one speaker was arrested there was always another to take his place. Often, as many as ten or twelve were arrested in one evening. If they were turned loose, they mounted



Bloated Plutocracy Has "The People" Bound and Terrified.

the soap box again. If they were deported, they returned in a day or so and brought others with them.

Driven to desperation, the Commercial Club ordered terrorism. Each prisoner arrested was beaten to the extreme limit of physical endurance. When he recovered somewhat, he was beaten again, robbed of every article of value or convenience, and shipped out of town.

In time, the bothersome formalities of arrest were dispensed with. A battalion of deputies would simply form a cordon around the meeting and send in a number of their most husky and most drunk members to beat up on all within reach; spectators as well as speakers, women and children as well as men.

This sort of thing was as the breath of life to Jim. He made himself a special club with a rough surface so that whenever he struck anyone over the head he could give it a sort of dragging motion and fetch away tufts of hair and bits of bloody skin.

At first, he was worried by a report that two or three of the invading Wobblies were women, and he feared one of them might be Annie and that she might penetrate his disguise. Anyway, he didn't want Annie to get hurt; she was to become his wife pretty soon and he didn't want her all scarred up. But it proved to be only a trio of great, red faced, frowsy haired, female working stiffs. It amused him to punch them in their stomachs with the end of his club and see them

turn pale and vomit, and sometimes faint.

The leading spirit among the little group who fought so valiantly for free speech was an eighteen-year-old lad known to his fellow workers as Billy La Mar. Billy was not a speaker. He never mounted the soap box except it be to take the place of someone just arrested or knocked out. But, he was always on hand, and always busy; selling papers, leading the rebel songs, holding earnest confab with any who appeared to take an interest. Moreover, he seemed to have, in some sort, a charmed life. In every *melee* he escaped unhurt; in every one of the numerous times he had been arrested, he managed to give the deputies the slip before they could lock him up. One high official in the Commercial Club was heard to say that he would pay a hundred dollars for authentic news of Billy's death.

Jim wanted that hundred dollars and certainly tried to earn it, but somehow he and Billy never met. Nights when he had a chance to get in close to the speakers' stand, Billy was either absent on some errand or some other deputy got in the way. Nights when Billy stood near the speaker and led the singing, he was too drunk for active duty and was left on guard at the jail.

One night when he was sleeping off a drunk in the jail a prisoner was brought in. His left hand was mangled and bloody, gashes and bruises and smears of blood covered his face. One eye was swelled shut and the other was but little better. He screamed and cried hysterically because of the pain.

"Who the hell is that?" Jim wanted to know. "It's that damned kid they call La Mar," replied one of the guards. "Well, by God, I'll teach him to come squalling around here and wake everybody up," said Jim; and accompanied his words with a well directed blow from his famous club. La Mar sank to the floor unconscious and was dragged to a cell.

However much they tried to avoid it, the deputies were compelled to make an occasional arrest. In time, the total number of Wobblies locked up amounted to fifteen. To feed so many prisoners, against whom there seemed no probability of placing a charge that would stick, seemed a waste of public funds, and Commercial Club ordered deportation; but first they were to receive such a beating that they would not dare come back.

A short time after dark, the next evening after La Mar was brought in, a long line of automobiles drew up in front of the jail. One by one the heavily manacled prisoners were brought out and tumbled into the waiting machines. When all was ready, the procession moved away.

A few miles out of town they stopped at a place where the highway crossed the railroad. On either side of the crossing is a cattle guard; one of those sheet iron arrangements with a series of blades set at an angle of forty-five degrees and the edges serrated very similar to a cross-cut saw. Here, the

deputies and Commercial Club volunteers, to the number of seventy or more, armed with sticks and clubs, formed in two lines about six feet apart and facing each other. One by one the prisoners were unbound and made to run this living lane and jump scramble, or crawl across the cattle guard at the end.

As a prisoner passed down the line each deputy in turn struck him over the head or across the shins. If he became entangled in the cattle guard, all those within reach beat a tattoo on his back until he crawled free. If he faltered along the way, he was urged forward by a husky deputy who wielded a whip in the lash of which was braided a violin string that cut like a knife.

The last prisoner was a slight, boyish figure who stumbled and fell at almost every step. He had hardly more than crossed the cattle guard and disappeared under the trees along the track when the sheriff came panting along, shouting: "Say! Bring that last one back. That's Billy La Mar. We can't afford to let him off that easy." Jim fired his revolver in the direction taken by the prisoner but there was no sound to indicate that he had scored a hit. A few of the less drunk remained to search. The others, including Jim, returned to town.

Jim kept to his room all next day. Reaction from the excitement and prolonged drunk was upon him. His nerves were unstrung, his mind filled with vague forebodings. When he closed his aching eyes, he saw visions. He saw a vision of Annie; a most peculiar vision.

—There was a row of fifteen posts. Bound to each post with heavy chains was a figure swathed in coarse, blood-spattered cloth, dripping kerosene. With a torch, he passed from post to post, setting fire to the oil soaked figures. At the last one he paused to observe the effect.

—The flames roared upward. The cloth dissolved to ashes and fell away in great glowing flakes. The black smoke parted and disclosed the face of Annie. Her hair was burning but she smiled. As the smoke pall closed again, she said: "Bye bye, Jimmie boy."

Voicing a terrible scream he sprang up and ran down stairs. They brought him back to his room and called a physician. That functionary said it was delirium tremens and gave him treatment for such.

There was much uneasiness in the ranks of the Special Deputies and Commercial Club Gun Men. They figured that if anything would provoke retaliation from the IWW the atrocities at the cattle guard would do it. Panic stricken with the fear of assassination, many staunch supporters of law and order left town.

Sick of it all, certain that a longer stay in Lumberton must end in death by the hand of one of his many victims, Jim drew what wages he had coming, borrowed all he could, laid aside his disguise and returned to the Big Town.

Knowing that boldness is the best kind of concealment in such cases, he reappeared at IWW head-

quarters and volubly expressed regret that the business of making a wedding stake had prevented his taking part in the action at Lumberton.

Annie did not come around the hall. She had taken new lodgings and no one seemed to know where she was. It was more than a week before he found her.

She was in bed. Her face was pale and drawn as if from a long illness. A patch of medicated cotton under a flap of green cloth covered her left eye. She kept her left arm out of sight beneath the bed-clothes. When Jim stooped to kiss her, she gently pushed him away, saying: "Wait, Jim. Wait until I tell you something. You may change your mind."

Protesting that nothing she could tell could possibly make any difference, he kissed her anyway. She burst into tears and, hiding her face under the coverlet, wept for many minutes. When again able to speak she said, in the dull monotone of one who has but little vitality and less hope:

"It was a foolish thing to do, I suppose, but the boys needed all the help they could get so I went to Lumberton."

Jim started, and his lips formed some word of exclamation or interrogation, but she continued as if she had not noticed:

"Of course none of them knew it was me, and I don't suppose any of them except George Radcliffe knows it now; I guess they think I just quit to avoid trouble; for I dressed as a boy, and I took the name of my dead cousin, Billy La Mar."

Jim started again; his hands clenched convulsively, he swallowed as one suffering from thirst. But the voice continued:

"I managed to dodge for quite a while, but one day the Mayor trapped me. He sent me a note asking me to come and talk it over, and saying he thought he could arrange about the meetings.

"They led me into his private office. There were four big policemen in there and as soon as the door was locked they commenced to knock me from one to the other like I was a hand-ball or punching bag. When I would fall, they kicked me until I got up again. One of them kicked me in the eye and it burst. But it didn't hurt as much as one would suppose—guess I had so many other hurts I didn't have time to feel it.

"Finally I fell and could not get up. There was an iron couch or cot or something of the kind in there and the Mayor dragged it over and put one of the legs on the back of my hand spread out on the floor and then jumped on it. The caster kept turning to one side and rolling off, so they took it out. Then one of the policemen held my hand still, while the Mayor and the others jumped on the cot and drove the leg clear through to the boards beneath.

"I guess I must have fainted, for the next thing I knew I was standing in the jail office and a deputy sheriff knocked me down because I cried and disturbed his sleep."

As she talked, Jim left his seat and paced the

floor. Great beads of perspiration studded his flushed face, he shivered as with an ague. What thoughts flitted through his clouded brain can only be guessed, but Annie accepted his agitation and terrible look as evidence of righteous indignation and compassion for one he loved, and broke her monotone recital to say: "Please don't look so awful, Jimmie boy. I am not the first to be treated this way and I'll not be the last. It is all part of the game. It is the reward we must expect when we try to help others against their will. Calm yourself. There is more to tell. More, and worse."

Seated again, his hands convulsively gripping the sides of his chair, he stared straight ahead like one hypnotized while she continued:

"Well, next evening they came and took us all out and loaded us into automobiles and carried us out into the country to a place where there is a railroad crossing and there they made us 'run the gauntlet.' But I suppose the boys at the hall told you about that."

"Yes," said Jim hoarsely, "I've heard about it."

"Well, I was the last to make the run. After I got across the cattle guard, someone fired a gun and the bullet struck me in the side just above my right hip."

Jim groaned and sprang to his feet.

"Come, come, Jim," she said. "You simply must not act like that. It only makes it harder for me to tell. Come and sit on the bed and let me hold your hand. It'll make it easier for both of us." He did as she requested and the monotone flowed on:

"It was only a flesh wound and had I not already been pretty well used up it would not have stopped me from running. As it was, I lay until I thought they were all gone away and then crawled to a nearby farm house.

"The woman telephoned for a doctor and one came and fixed me up. About an hour after he went away, five deputies came for me. The woman begged for me the best she could, but when she told them I was a girl and in a dying condition it only made them more determined. Dragging me out of bed, they carried me to a little open spot in the woods and—and—oh, Jim, I never can be your wife now. I never can be the wife of any good clean man. Jim! Jim! . . ." He was gone. Rushing down the stairs four and five steps at a jump.

It is possible that under the influence of her words he had some passing thought of seeking out the perpetrators of this foul deed and exacting summary vengeance. It is possible that he had thoughts of taking his own life as some slight penalty for his own foul deeds. But, as generally happens with such characters, he compromised by getting drunk. He got beastly drunk and stayed so for a week. Moreover, in his maudlin condition, he talked—and he talked to George Radcliffe. George was a timid soul, and his mind was a bit clouded, but he had a memory like a phonograph. He could keep a secret like the Sphinx, but he knew his friends—and, he knew a skunk when he smelled one.

On the ninth day Jim was sober again; cold sober and repentant. His thoughts were of Annie:—Of course, after her little accident, there could be no marriage; the mother of his children must be a woman of untarnished virginity. But after all, Annie was a good scout and he would do what he could to help her. He would rent an apartment and install her as mistress. Maybe, after a while, when she recovered her strength a bit, she could begin to take in a few dollars; she had a very winning way, and he knew lots of fellows who would welcome an introduction. Why, they might even, later on, lease a "rooming house" and install a few girls—as "chambermaids." Yes, that was the thing to do. Surely he owed her that much. And this was Thanksgiving. He would go to her at once with the glad tidings. No time could be more appropriate than now, on the day that was to have been their wedding day.

Eager to spring his surprise, he entered without knocking. She was not in the room, but, on the pillow where it could not be overlooked, was a

note addressed to him. Hastily tearing it open, he read:

"Jim:—I know you will come here on Thanksgiving day. I have willed it so and I know it will be so. George Radcliffe has told me all, and I know that George never lies.

"I can forgive a lot. I can even forgive those poor drunken brutes for what they did to me that night in the woods. But I can never, never forgive myself for willingly, eagerly giving my soul and body, my life and my love, to such an unnamable monstrosity as you. I can never survive the disgrace of your kiss on my lips.

"If you wish to further pollute my poor broken body, look for it in the bay."

For almost five minutes Jim stood motionless. Then, with a grim smile, he picked up the 'phone and called police headquarters.

Next day, the newspapers carried the headline: "Female Terrorist Drowns Self Rather than Submit to Arrest." That's all.



Los Angeles Employment District Snapshots

By JIM SEYMOUR

HE was a cement worker, strong as a bull, as he needed to be. He was out of work but he was Irish and didn't mind it. An unfailing good humor is quite an asset.

"The pay isn't so bad," he replied to my question, but there isn't enough work for all of us. But it is better than most common labor; we don't have to compete with the general run; you have to be pretty husky to handle concrete."

A Ford drew up to the curb and a man climbed out.

"I want to get two men to burn brush," he said.

A tall, lanky youth with an unintelligent face overheard and asked: "How much you pay?"

"Fifty cents an hour."

"Fifty cents! Gee, I'll work for thirty-five!"

My companion gasped and clenched his fist, moving it as though the palms were itching. The farmer looked at the young man in amazement that turned rapidly to contempt.

"I don't want you," he said. But he hired the Irishman and another fellow and instructed them to meet him there at 2:30.

"You see what we're up against?" asked the Irishman as the farmer left. "We don't have much of that on cement, but for most of the jobs we have to buck the likes of that big scissor. Lots of the bosses are looking for them, too. Oh, well, every-

thing is lovely now and I can prove that I'm respectable—beginning at 2:30."

I made some brilliant remark about a long lane with all curves eliminated.

"Sure," he replied, "most things come out all right in the end, but I have always been seriously handicapped as the result of an accident that happened when I was very young."

"How so?"

"The ship that my mother came over in was delayed at sea and I was born just one day out of New York."

"How can that affect you now?" I asked.

"Why, I lost my chance to be President."

He spoke without even the ghost of a smile, but a moment later was laughing heartily.

"But sometimes a bo does make it," he said soberly. "Jack London did. Say, there was a character—never forgot his origin—had quite a lot of Jiggs in his makeup. When I was over in Honolulu he pulled a good one. Some society dame sent him an invitation to attend a feed and wrote 'Full dress' on the card. Jack didn't have any dress-suit but he went out and bought one. Had it delivered to the woman and he stayed home."

We chatted a while about The People of the Abyss and The Iron Heel, then he said: "Well, by the time I climb around some chow it will be 2:30. Hope I see you some time when I'm paying off."

Over Eight Hundred Hear Geo. Speed (Continued from page 6)

"tar-pot committee's" conduct, "I tell it as 'twas told to me."

As an eyewitness to the raid, the writer can vouch for the scenes enacted there, as well as seeing a truck, loaded with workers, driving away. Many theories were suggested as to the possible destination. A sailor said to the writer that they had sent out patrols to trace the truck, which seemed quite plausible, since the navy might be interested in the report that it contained sailors, but evidently no one found the truck, although we now know that it went to Santa Ana canyon, forty-five miles away.

It took about thirty minutes to complete the wrecking of the hall, when someone gave the command—"Scatter."

There was no way to get out of town without passing through either the upper or the lower business section of the city. As the truck went on Twelfth street, they in all probability took the lower route, thus passing near the police station.

Suffice to say that the Los Angeles Examiner reporter was getting names of the injured before any police arrived. So far as the writer knows, this reporter may have been on the scene all the time and this theory gains color when it is recalled that, in its "scoop" on the following evening, the paper came out two hours earlier than usual. As the reporter also attended the mid-day meeting, following, it is possible that he tried to have the paper on the streets of San Pedro before the street meeting got under way.

In flaring head-lines the Examiner stated that the IWW was going to dynamite the morgue, and then prepared its statement as the result of an ambiguous "rumor."

This brief digression is made in order to emphasize the gravity of the situation under which Fellow Worker Speed so tactfully proclaimed the position of the IWW before that multitude. Many a speaker might have quailed under the existing tension.

Now we shall follow the story of the kidnaped men.

On this night-ride the truck was accompanied by about twenty-five automobiles, while on the truck itself, were members of the mob and some in sailor's uniforms who held guard over the victims with guns. Meanwhile a continuous barrage of terrifying remarks, such as, "which car had the ropes," mingled with threats suggesting Wesley Everest, was cross-fired between the guards.

After a two and a half hour drive, the canyon was reached and across the entrance to a grove was suspended a large banner, bearing Dante's inscription over the gates of hell and "You are now

entering the chamber of horrors", "You have come to the end of your journey. Prepare to make your peace."

As the lights of the automobiles added a grewsome terror in this sylvan glen, a fire was started beneath a cauldron. During the heating of the tar, the victims were made to undress. Then a large tub was filled with the tar and some black oil, into which the men, one at a time, were forced to sit, while with a dipper, more of the sticky murk was dumped over their heads.

When one was thoroughly covered, he was led away and secretly told he could get away by following orders, otherwise he would be overtaken and subjected to torture and the rope. The whispered orders were that on the command to run, he would run as fast as he could and when a shot was fired, he would scream as if in mortal agony. They may have also spoken of the hanging of the six Italians in New Orleans, but the writer's informants did not include this in their statement.

Imagine the guttural sound of wild animals roaming in the woods! Imagine the suspense of each succeeding victim, on hearing the piercing outcry of the preceding fugitive, when the shots rang out. Imagine the melancholy feeling of desolation, when a banner is brought out, bearing the legend, "The end of a perfect day."

Realize that the fact that no masks or robes were worn tends to a feeling that this would be the end, where none would live to some day identify their assailants!

Remember the tales of the vigilantes, that were told on the ride to this lonely wilderness! Put yourself in this place and think, if you were the last of the six, whether your stomach wouldn't as lief your lips drained hemlock, rather than castor oil! Yet these plutonic incarnations of the imps of Beelzebub, forced a Spanish worker to drink a quart of castor oil, by strangulation.

The "Fascisti of America" had evidently taken a leaf from Mussolini's black-shirts.

And, lest the reader conclude that, in this recital the writer drew on his imagination, it may be proper to add that the entire ordeal was carried on in a close proximity to an automobile containing a woman and a girl. If they had no morbid desire to witness the shameful proceedings, it was not the fault of the gallants, who invited them to go along.

When the "ceremony" was concluded, the automobiles sped away in the darkness, while the victims returned, only to find that all of their garments, including shoes, had been immersed in the tar.

With what little they could take to wrap around their loins, they set out on the forty-five mile

trip, back to San Pedro. As it was almost day, a good Samaritan picked them up, after they had gone six miles.

In concluding this story, which reads like a narrative from the days of the Inquisition, it might be apropos to suggest, that if any who took part in the disgraceful debacle, have a spark of regard for our vaunted civilization, they at least return the eighty-four dollars they took from their victims and send it to the hospital, to ease the agony of the little innocents, some of whom cannot even sit up, but must lie in one position all the time.

To them, that charge the IWW with being atheists, the writer will say that if these deeds were done in the name of the Deity, then the all-seeing eye may be storing retributive justice in the nether regions, whence emanated the spawn of all that is

vile. If you are not the hypocrites your villany demonstrates that you are, then your accursed soul must take with it the condemnation of Him that said, "Whatsoever ye do unto one of these little ones, that ye also do unto me."

You may pray in your ceremonies, "God give us men!" but your prayer sinks into a vaporous platitude and becomes a mockery of the lone Nazarene, whose footsteps you profess to follow.

As it is written that "by their fruits ye shall know them," so you may yet find yourselves with Dives, in the charnel house of knaves, imploring Lazarus for a drop of water to anoint your parched and polluted tongue.

Perhaps, when that day comes, we may extend to you our sympathy, feeling that you have made the supreme atonement, but alas! it will be too late.



A Challenge: Right is Might

By GEO. GARRETT

HOLD up your head, vain swine,
And advance to meet me.
With my trusty blade, bared, naked,
Tempered from the steel of Truth,
I'll pierce your arrant Hypocrisy,
And false Philosophy;
"MIGHT IS RIGHT."
Might that has been built
On the blood and tears of women and children;
On the stunted bodies, and blood-belching lungs
Of toiling wage slaves;
On the wan or painted faces of females,
Compelled to barter their sex charms
As a commercial commodity, and in exchange
Receiving bare necessities, disease and shortened
lives;
On your ill-paid soldiers,
Whose blood you use to cultivate
The fields of foreign lands;
On your mental prostitutes, who,
Accepting your thirty pieces of silver,
Consciously betray progress (the real Messiah)
With their lies, lies, lies.
On your scientists, who,
Saturable to your damnable blood lust,
Further the development of guns and gases,
For the destruction of human life,
While babies die through underfeeding,
And defiant disease, unchecked,
Is a faithful ally to your vicious task;
On your drugs, dopes and poisons;
On your churches, professing to save souls,
But standing idly by, while bodies are destroyed,

Advertising subservience to YOU false God
Mammon;

On your holy bible, book of absurdities,
Atrocities, contradictions and obscenities,
Reflecting the supposed inspiration
Of some omnipotent paradox, who,
Is very good to some children, (after they are
dead)

And destines others to fire everlasting.
Deny, if you can, my accusations,
You ugly, hideous creature,
Whose claws are dyed red with the blood of many
victims;

And hear my voice;
For I am the harbinger of the New Age—
Demanding the beauties of life for all mankind,
Not a mere few.
And as my loyal companions, reason and experience,
Grow stronger and stronger,
Your downfall is inevitable,
For happiness is our right—
And RIGHT IS MIGHT!



EFFECTS OF ENVIRONMENT

Less than two per cent of the 30,000 boys and girls from the Dr. Barnardo's Homes in England, who have been sent to Canada and Australia have been failures. These children came from the most densely crowded and destitute area of the United Kingdom, and every one was a castaway until rescued.

The "Great" Billy Sunday

By JACK METTE

SINCE the beginning the labor movement has been fought by the churches. Preachers and priests have raved and cursed the labor unions for taking unfair advantage of the boss. Men (?) of the Billy Sunday type prance over the country, breaking chairs, foaming at the mouth, hurling vile curses at unions, IWWs and anything else that looks advantageous to the workers.

Many of us have seen the antics of the GREAT Billy Sunday, who breaks chairs, turns hand-springs, tells eight-dollar-per-week store girls to take whatever pay the boss is minded to pay and to trust in Jesus. Whether Jesus will make up to these poor girls their lost pay when they go to Heaven the GREAT Billy does not say. Sunday is dead against labor unions. He places the curse of Christ on them all. But it seems that he waits until he hits non-union towns to put out these curses in the name of the Lord. I have never heard of the GREAT Billy making one of his anti-labor speeches to an IWW audience.

After listening to Billy Sunday, one wonders just what the good Lord has against labor unions and workers who are trying to better their condition in this world. We are forced to wonder just how long this GREAT slinger of the Gospel would continue to spread the Word of the Lord if it were not for the Iron Men involved. The Good Book, so I HAVE BEEN TOLD (I have never read it) tells us that Jesus was a soft spoken and very quiet man. Then why is it that this loving old fellow sends this chair smashing maniac to put his curses on us? My

curiosity is aroused. I ask again: What has labor done that is wrong in the eyes of the unseen power said to be above us? Is it because we are organizing to better our conditions? Is it the Lord who is worried over unionism, or his chief chair smasher? Who pays Billy to sling his muck at the workers? If we knew the answer to that last question most of us would lose what little religion we have.

But Sunday is not the only sky pilot to preach against us. They are everywhere. They rave and tear their hair and shout themselves hoarse over a strike. They put curses on us so freely that we wonder how the Lord keeps up with his muck slingers in fulfilling all their curses. But we have never seen one single damned curse come down on us yet. And still we hear the preachers cry that the people are deserting the churches. Is there any wonder?

Since the beginning of time, man has worshipped something. He is like a small child. PAID speakers tell him of great things to come when he dies, that is, if he is good. Otherwise they have a place called Hell where you roast for all eternity. There seems to be no reward for man on this earth. He has to die to get rewarded. Very few seem in a hurry to collect their reward. The more religion they have the more they fear to die. If I thought I stood a good chance of going to that land of bread and honey the preachers talk of, dying would be my greatest pleasure. But as it is I am afraid that most of these anti-labor Gospel slingers will be my companions in Hell, if there is any such place, and then it will be HELL.



The Radical Christians

THE churches present an interesting spectacle. Some of them are developing "radical parties." The latter are trying to make capitalism square with the ideals of social service, the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God. They are having a hard time of it. Apparently, the worst place on earth in which to teach Christianity is the Christian church of all denominations. They seem to prefer the flesh pots of capitalism instead. Though they denounce "materialism" most strenuously they are not averse to wallowing in the worst manifestation of it ever known to man.

However, the "radical" church "parties" are to be given credit for their attacks on capitalist religion. Especially is the Methodist Federation for Social Service, noteworthy in this respect. Under the leadership of Harry F. Ward, chairman of the Civil Liberties Union, who has proven a staunch defender of the rights of the IWW, it has adopted the following platform:

"1. That the Church should stand firmly for the rights of labor as well as capital to bargain col-



War God Sets World Afire.

lectively through representatives of their own choosing;

"2. That the Church should urge the organization of industry in such a way as to furnish continuous employment of labor;

"3. That the Church should advocate the enactment of a Constitutional amendment to regulate child labor in all the states on a uniform and adequate Christian basis. Furthermore, we advocate that the Church should foster and organize campaigns of education among the people of the United States on the question of child labor;

"4. That the Church should stand firmly against the use of the injunction in all industrial disputes as a violation of the rights of American citizenship;

"5. That we favor the increased socialization and control of public utilities and natural resources and all essentials of life."

The Methodist students in convention assembled at Louisville, Ky., April 18-20, 1924, adopted resolutions denouncing war as "the greatest of all crimes," because "it includes all crimes;" setting forth that "war is self-defeating as it fails to accomplish its own purposes"; and calling for its outlawry through international organization.

In the May 15 issue of the Methodist Federation's organ "The Social Service Bulletin" will be found the following editorial:

"To Arms! To Arms!"

"By all means let the War Department have its way if it plans to mobilize the entire National Guard, the Reserve Officers and even industry next September as our newspapers are now hinting! There are plenty of people in this country who foolishly imagine that militarism under the guise of 'preparedness' or 'national insurance' is something holier than it is in Europe. So, on with uniforms! Shine up the brass! Let the bayonets gleam! Let the cannon boom!—munition manufacturers need more business! Cheer the flag, boys, as if the highest form of patriotism is to help build an unbeatable army and navy! We second the motion; 'mobilize our entire nation as if we were going to war'! Call it 'a farewell to Pershing who retires the next day' or 'a hint to Japan.' Nothing could be a more effective text for preachers and Christian editors than just such a demonstration of the lengths to which our militarists have carried us—citizens' training camps, military training in schools (including a few so-called Christian colleges) and now a general mobilization! To arms, to arms!—and then, 'Remember Germany!'"

The future alone will show whether, as in the past, Christian radicalism is merely a sentiment that disappears before stern reality; or a factor to be reckoned with.

Young Peoples' Labor Education

ONE of the promising developments within the labor movement recently, is the establishment of the National Association for Child Development. This organization developed as a result of a number of conferences of labor men and women, educators, and parents, who realized the great need of acquainting the growing generation with the social and economic problems that face mankind and preparing Youth for intelligent participation in the work of bettering society.

The National Association for Child Development plans to carry on its work through children's clubs, summer camps and other similar means, and is now working on a program that promises to be fully as interesting to the children as that of any of the present boys' and girls' organizations. There is in this new program no trace of the military or anti-social features that are so prevalent in other children's organizations, and the program includes many social service activities that will be bound to help in the development of the social conscience of the children, and will lead to an understanding of labor problems and of the need for international peace.

This new organization will begin its work this year with a summer camp at Pawling, New York. It is expected that this camp will accommodate fifty children. The fees that will be charged will be just enough to cover costs. Arrangements are also being made with labor, co-operative and community centers, for the establishment of children's clubs under the guidance of this organization. Offices of this organization are at 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City. The Executive Committee and officers consist of many prominent labor men, women and educators.



The Amalgamated Almanac

THE Amalgamated Clothing Workers differs radically from the Industrial Workers of the World. It engages in many undertakings, like banks, co-operation, politics, etc., which obscure the class struggle and its fundamental economic basis. But there are some things within these limitations, which it does very well, indeed. One of these is its illustrated almanac for 1924.

This is a production worthy of the working class. It is typographical, literary, and pictorial art of the foremost kind, combined with history and economics of value to the workers everywhere.

Too long have the workers been content with printing and art of an unbecoming character. They should study the Amalgamated Illustrated Almanac for 1924 and learn how to reflect their own true worth both ably and well.

Get Behind the IWW Press
Push it Everywhere

More Catholicity Needed

THERE are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy," so says Hamlet to Horatio. And so one might say to anyone inclined to take a strictly sectarian view of the labor problem and its solution. What is needed, to these latter ends, is not sectarianism, but catholicity; because the former conduces to warring factions, while the latter makes for a triumphant solidarity.

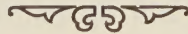
There are many working men and women who believe that the development of the proper form of industrial unionism is the sole task of industrial unionists. They theorize and discuss this subject among themselves so much as to lose all sense of either proportion or perspective. The result is a loss of contact with the great mass of the workers and a failure to understand their peculiar ways of thinking and acting.

The mass of the workers cannot realize the necessity for an improved form of labor unionism, until they are educated to that end. It will not do to say that the failure of their old forms do that. For that is only partly and not wholly true; as they attribute, quite often, their failures to causes outside of their faulty unionism. They believe that some political cause is to blame, and not their bad unionism. Hence the need for education along economic lines; hence the need for a working class press that will discuss other matters than industrial

unionism—such discussion to be a prelude—a clearing of the ground—to and for industrial organization.

No IWW, for instance, can reach a working man or woman who sees free trade, unrestricted immigration, etc., as the cause of working class degradation and misery. They must be disabused about these theories. Again, no IWW can win the Negro, without denouncing peonage and color, race, or creed discriminations. Nor can the IWW reach the believers in craft unionism, or disabuse them of that belief, by a lack of sympathy with the craft union aspirations for more wages, shorter hours and better conditions. It is all right to aim at the abolition of the wages system, but let the aim be a good one or the bull's eye will never be hit. The true marksman will go among the workers, fraternizing with them, helping them in their struggles, counseling and advising with them, and laboring hard, in various ways, for the creation of that class conscious feeling which is the basis of real solidarity.

It will not do to shut ourselves within ourselves; to, squirrel-like, run around the same old ring and get nowhere, despite strenuous efforts to the contrary. The working class is our class. Let us go to them and be of them, in every sense. Then and only then will we have the workers won to our ways of thinking and organizing.



Hearst Exposes Himself

WM. R. Hearst is the typical "friend of labor." He advocates high wages for the workers. At the same time he is trying to force compositors on his Seattle Post-Intelligencer to accept lower wages than those paid by his competitors.

The 1924 wage scale, accepted and being paid by other Seattle daily papers, provides for increases of 7 1-7 cents per hour for day work and 10 5-7 cents per hour for night work for compositors.

Hearst demands of his composing room "hands" that they accept decreases of 7 13-21 cents per hour for day work and 8 2-21 cents for night work on 1923 scale.

In other words, Hearst offers to pay the Post-Intelligencer compositors 14 16-21 cents per hour less and 18 17-21 cents per hour less than his Seattle competitors.

As a result, Hearst's Seattle compositors were forced to strike, and are now out, with strike-breakers filling their places.

As usual, union pressmen, teamsters, newsboys, and some dozen or more branches of "organized labor" are remaining at work and helping the strike-breakers to defeat their union brothers.

Not only is Hearst a typical "friend of labor," but so also, is A. F. of L "unionism."

Don't waste your pennies on the Hearst press, in the belief that you are helping the working class.

Buy the IWW papers, such as Industrial Worker and Industrial Solidarity; also The Industrial Pioneer.

Pensions Exposed in Court

Some months ago Morris & Co., packers, merged with Armour & Co. The former had a pension fund. which the merger refused to take over and administer. Hundreds of aged employes were thus left without support in their last days.

Twenty-four of the Morris pensioners thereupon brought suit to compel the merger to establish a fund to guarantee payment of their pensions. The court proceedings attending these suits bring out the real nature of these subsidies.

"We have shown by the testimony of these pensioners that they refused offers of higher wages with outside companies because Morris & Co. held out the benefits that they would receive under the pension scheme," Mr. Armstrong, their counsel, said.

Reports of economic experts were read. These held that whenever pensions were paid by employers wages accordingly were lower than in places where no pension funds were maintained.

Pensions, then, are devices wherewith workers are underpaid, and, in cases of merger, cheated out of wages due to them. They are a means by which cheaper labor is secured and all labor is held in subjection. For it is a well-known fact that pensioners are loath to either strike or complain. They fear to imperil what they regard as their dearly bought old age fund.

Workers should object to pensions. They are uncertain of payment, as the Morris-Armour merger demonstrates; and they are destructive of self-reliance and labor unionism. Above all, they are devices wherewith to deny to labor the current rates of pay; which, in the long run, aggregate more than the pensions paid. That alone should condemn them; the other objections only serve to emphasize this primary rejection of pensions.